JOHN BULL, AUGUST 24, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1210.
Vol. XLVI

OVER A MILLION SALE

Warm-weather WEARINESS...

The many strength-giving and energising ingredients contained in Wincarnis make it a splendid stand by during the hot relaxing days of summer. You will find that an occasional glass will drive away tiredness as if by magic.

There is red, invigorating wine in Wincarnis, together with extracts of beef and vitamin-malt; and a stimulating hypophosphite nerve tonic. These good things will restore to you all the briskness and vigour which summer weather has sapped away.

Wincarnis is a great restorative of appetite, too. Apart from the fresh strength which it gives, Wincarnis provides you with added zest for your food.

Remember, it is during these bright days that your strength to face the coming winter is recruited. Make the most of summer sunshine. Keep strong and able to take advantage of every sunny hour. Begin at once to take

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

RECOMMENDED BY MORE THAN 18,000 MEDICAL MEN

A Model

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B. Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Bedding, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Chase (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary prices, big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Leaneale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. Wholesale only.—Levy Bros., Dept. E., 59, Houndsditch, E.C.3.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery Beginners, etc. Cat. Free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCU (Dept. J.B.), 47, Cannon Street, Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (175), George St., Birmingham.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

XMAS CLUBS.

AGENTS WANTED

Chocolates and Jewellery, 10/- in £1 Commission, in spare time. No outlay. Particulars free.—Lavell's Popular Club, 131-133, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

XMAS CLUBS.—Chocolates, Tea, Confectionery, Fancy Goods, etc. Large selections. Generous Commission. Illustrated Catalogue and particulars from Aywun Clubs (Ref. 525), 39, Pratt Street, London, N.W.1.

10/6 in the £1 Cash Commission. Also Cabinet of Cutlery Free. AGENTS WANTED. XMAS CLUBS. We sell everything.—DENNIS & CO., DEPT. C., COLNE, LANCS.

XMAS CLUB Agents wanted. NO OUTLAY. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Toys. FREE GIFTS for agents. Big cash comm. Catalogue free.—F. J. Tate, 9, Heaton's Court, Low Briggate, Leeds.

AGENTS wtd. everywhere; lib. commission; all can earn a little, many earn big money introducing customers for Boots, Suits, Bedding, Costumes, Accordeons, etc., on easy payments.—Write for parties. to Sales Dept., Ma tes, Ltd., Rye.

XMAS CHOC. CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Good terms. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc. Write now for Art Coloured Cat., MATHER'S, Dept. J., 192, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

XMAS Club Agts. wtd. Chocs., Toys, Fcy. Gds. Big cash bonus. Highest Comm. Huge ctlg. Free Gifts. Enterprise Conf. Co., Thornton Rd., Bradford.

£20,000 CASH Bonus given away. Xmas Agents wanted. Chocs., Cigs., Toys, Jewellery, Cutlery, Leather Goods. Highest cash comm. Paid. 100 page cat. free. Surprise Gifts all Agents.—Morris Bros., 14, Clifton Street, Bradford. Britain's Largest Club Specialists.

AGENTS WANTED. Xmas Clubs. Big cash Comm. No Outlay. Send at once for 76-page Art Cat. Chocs., Cigs., Toys and Novelties.—J. B. Dept., Eaton & Co., 38, Lower Wortley Rd., Leeds.

SPARE-TIME Agents req. Quick-selling lines, yielding enormous profits. No outlay. Sample free. Empress Mfg. Co., Church St., Blackpool.

XMAS CLUBS.—Chocs., Cigs., Toys, Fancy Goods. Spare-time Agents wanted. Excellent com. Art. Catalogue and particulars FREE.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., Burton Road, Leeds.

13/6 in £ Commission. Big Cash Bonus Scheme. Tasting sample, Chocolates, Toys, etc. 100,000 Gifts to Agents and their Customers.—Member, 96, Brearton, Bradford.

XMAS CLUB agents wanted—highest comm.; special offer to agents.—The Yorkshire Confectionery Co., Ward Green, St. Barnsley.

13/6 in £ Commission.—Xmas Club Agents. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys, Cigarettes. Gift every Agent. Catalogue. Lists free.—A. Gould, 6, Hartley Hill, Leeds.

EARNINGS easily increased selling (spare time) guaranteed footwear, etc., from samples. Lib. comm.—Jackson's, 329, Goswell Rd., Ldn., E.C.

CHRISTMAS Card Agents wanted for "Rascal" series. A weekly income assured with no outlay. 60 cards and calendars free.—Thos. Mellark & Co., Preston.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER GETTER PUBLISHED. MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, PHOTOGRAVURES, JEWELLED & PICTURE CARDS. BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES.—WRITE NOW TO STEWART'S, DEPT A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS.—Largest Manufacturers require Agents. FREE Sample BOOK, DELIGHTFUL NOVELTIES; Calendars. New Feature in Cut-out Velour Designs. Sensational Calendar Novelty on Wooden Stands. Detachable SPRAYS of FLOWERS. Notepapers. Celluloid Pocket Calendar; Blotter; Greeting Cards for every taste. Most extraordinary book ever published. ENORMOUS PROFITS. Prizes for all.—All-British Christmas Card Co. (Dept. 97), Blackburn.

1,000 AMBITIOUS PERSONS WANTED as Agents for the "Imperial Art" Series Private Christmas Cards. The Finest Sample Book ever published, certain ORDER-GETTER. LIBERAL & POST PAID. ASTOUNDING COMMISSION. Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 16B, Lancaster.

RESPECTABLE Men wanted for congenial spare-time work; no outlay. Good com.—Herbert Bros., Printers, Whitwell, Welwyn, Herts.

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette Clubs. Agents Wtd. Cadbury's, etc. Cash Comm. Partics. Free. —Henry Walker, 65, Barbourne Rd., Worcester.

AGENTS WANTED.—The Club you will eventually join. Highest possible commission. No outlay. All lists free. Giant Club Lists. Finest offered. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Leather Goods, Cutlery, etc. Dept. 16, Redcliffe National Club, Redcliffe Street, Bristol.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Cash Commission. All leading makes. Chocolates and Cigarettes. Write for free coloured illustrated catalogue.—Russell & Co. (Dept. F.), Wigan.

72-PAGE Art Catalogue and full Stationery Outfit complete in Fibre Attache Case, free to Agents. Huge Variety Chocolates, Toys, etc. Generous commission. Particulars free.—"Shield" Xmas Club (33), Bradford.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum charge 27s.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS WANTED. "Snowball" series, 25-page free Albums of Calendars, entitled Chums—Cinderella—The Blue Bird's Song—Sweetheart—reproductions of several Oriental paintings, and over 40 cards of distinction. Also Special 1/- packets. Calendars 6d. to 1/- each at 2/9 per doz. Easy new and make £2Es weekly.—Dept. J., Minster Press, Preston.

EITHER SEX can be an Agent for our Beautiful Private Xmas Cards & Novelties. Write for our exquisite Sample Book, supplied free to good Agents. Marvellous results. Up to 60 p.c. comm. Nothing published can compare.—Dept. 2, The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., City Wks., Blackfriars St., Manchester.

18/6 IN £ Commission. Chocolate Clubs. Novelties, Toys, etc. Striking Novelty Free every Agent Now. 7/6 box Chocolates Free. Big List.—Rowntree's, Terry's. Handsome Catalogue.—Associated Confectioners (Desk 92), Shipley.

15/6 IN £ Comm. Chocs., Toys, Novelties Club. 7/6 Fox Chocs and wonderful AERO-PLANE FREE every Agent. Cadbury's, Rowntree's listed. Catlg. Free. Samples, Big Bonus. —Midland Confec., Dept. (BAR), Shipley.

MONEY IN HARD CASH YOURS CERTAIN by selling our Christmas Cards and Calendars. No Risk or Outlay. SAMPLE BOOK FREE. This is YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY to Make Money.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 20, ANCHOR COURT, PRESTON.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVING.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Appointment Department manned by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars. BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 8, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Regent Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

EARN £2—£6 weekly as a Certificated Beauty Culturist. Individual postal tuition, 10/- monthly. Success guaranteed. Position found when qualified or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, prize scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.), 99, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

100 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, O/S, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

15/- in £ Profit. Thousands earning by buying Silk Stockings to sell to friends, etc. Send for Wonder Catalogue. Shade Cards issued.—Wilsons, Makers, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

AMBITIOUS MEN should join the POLICE. Expert Postal Tuition for Entrance Examination. Success guaranteed.—Write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

Hard Value Facts

Again the House of Fullotone show that they are far ahead of this year's competition. Here is an example: A guaranteed cabinet Fullotone embodying all modern improvements is sent on first instalment of 6/1 carriage paid—NO EXTRAS. It is one of 19 new season's models that appeal to the tastes and means of all classes.

6/1 SECURES THIS MODEL Followed by 17 monthly payments of 6/1

For purity of tone and enormous volume, a Fullotone excels. Unconditionally guaranteed for twelve months. Write for new art colour catalogue, or call at any of our shops. Sold direct from factory to public.

★ *Bigger Value.*
★ *Longer Credit.*
★ *Mighty as an Organ.*
★ *Lifelike Tone.*
★ *Auto-Stop on every model.*

Cash Price. Carriage Paid U.K.

4.14.6

MODEL No. 23.

Specification—Richly OAK finished cabinet, 3 ft. high, with figured front, complete with powerful COLLARO British Motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox, Fullotone all-metal Sound Chamber and new automatic stop.

CALL, 'PHONE or WRITE

now for free beautifully coloured 29 model catalogue with full details of easy payment terms.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES (1929) LTD. (Dept. J.B.13), 73, CAMDEN ROAD, N.W.1.

'Phone: North 0017

Also our Branches at:

EAST HAM—143, High St. MANCHESTER—83, Oxford Rd.
CROYDON—41, George St. BOLTON—47, Bradshawgate.
TOTTENHAM—541, High Rd. HULL—Monument Bridge.
LIVERPOOL—13, Paradise St. GLASGOW—312, Argyle St.

FULLOTONE

Auto-Stop on every model.

CHRISTMAS CLUBS. Spare time Agents Wanted. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Cutlery and Toys. Catalogues free. Highest Cash Commission.—G. W. Watson (Dept. A.), Chocolate Box, Lands Lane, Leeds.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS.—Chocs., Cigs., Leading makes only. Compare our terms and save Money!—Central Confectionery Co., 3, Sheepscar Grove, Leeds.

CHRISTMAS CLUB Agents Wanted for Choc., Cig. and Toy Clubs; no outlay.—Write for free outfit, Playfair, 122, London Rd., Sheffield.

AGENTS Required for the choicest Chocolate Club in the country. Best Makes. Best Commission. Best Service. No Worry. Details free.—Rowbills Confectionery Co., 18, Clifton Mount, Leeds.

WANTED, 100 Agents. No experience. 10/- in £ Com. You want cheap cards—we have them. Finest book of Private Christmas Greeting Cards free with full instructions. Make Merry and Make Money now! Dept. 1, Cleveland Press, 6-8, Sycamore Street, E.C.1.

10/- AND 6/8 in the £ commission (nothing less). Agents wanted, Chocolate Club.—Parties. Free.—R. C. Hopkinson, Ltd., 30, Bath Road, Leeds.

XMAS Club Agents required to Chocolates—Cigarettes. Highest Club Comm. Write for particulars.—SELECTA, 20, Pershore St., Birmingham.

AMAZING profits by selling entirely new products. Act now. Hulme, Ltd., Woodhouse, Leeds.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 609), 233, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8118.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 3/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples (two.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Perry Barr.

PRINTING.—16,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/8 per 1,000. Samples of Printing for all trades, with list of 667 prices, 2d. postage.—Wood & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 9½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 42, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING Wool Bundles 5/6 per 14 lbs. for Socks, etc. White Yarn 3/6 lb. Grey, etc., 2/10, post free. Patts. of Wool Scarves, Tweeds, etc.—Fearton Burnette, W.B., Wrenbury, Wolfperton, Salop.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 9½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free.—Calverts Mills (Dept. B), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WOOLS. Enormous 4-price Sale. Knitting 14, 1½d. oz. Grey 4½d. oz. Rug 6½d. 1/- 1/6 lb. Rug Guide and cats. Free.—"Fenella" Wools, 168, New Briggate, Brownhills-on-Tyne.

A GOOD GARDEN GUN is always handy. This week you have the opportunity of procuring a high-class folding model at a bargain price. An advt. illustrating the gun appears in "John Bull's" "Shopping Window" (page opposite).

FREEMANS CASH OR CRED

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linn, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT. *Enquiries for Agency Invited.*

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

SHAVERS.—Try "Pixie" Penny Blade; gillette type. Sharpened Free. Dozen for 1/- P.O.—Dronsfield Bros. Brunsfield, Sheffield.

WALLPAPERS.—Send to the original mail order firm for the latest pattern book published, post free.—Blakey, Peacock & Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. W., 32, Longon Rd., Southwark, London.

FURNITURE.—Three rooms nicely furnished for £35 cash. Bedroom Suite, including Polished Bedstead, Dressing Chest of Drawers with full-size Mirror, Marble-top Washstand with Spring Mattress and Feather Bed. Sitting-room Suite, very Handsome Design, Settee, Easy Chair and Couch, Fender and Brasses. Well-designed Couch, 3 Arm-chairs and 4 small Chairs, Polished Walnut Centre Table and Overmantel to match. Axminster Rug and Print Carpet 3 yards long. Curtains, Pictures, Kitchen Furniture, including extending Dining Table, Chairs, Linoleum, Rugs, Oilcloth Cord, etc. The lot complete, except 38 Guineas. Great Sacrifice. Would separate. Quite New. Easy Terms arranged. All goods packed and put on rail free and carefully delivered. Home Furnishing Stores, 32 and 34a, Bermuda Road, Battersea.

THE HANDIEST AND CHEAPEST TOOL for Home Workers is Penn's famous Lightning Leather Marker, as illustrated in advt. on page 29. There's a hundred-and one things it will do, and it saves its cost on the very first job. Get one. You will find it handy and simple to use.

READERS' attention is drawn to the ASTONISHING WILSON BARGAIN OFFER on page 32.

CATALOGUE offer free patterns, prices and terms of their famous CORK LINO on page 29.

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE 30/-, 76 Guaranteed garments. (No tapes, pins, or useless pieces). Most durable and suitable household linens. Flannels, large Nappies, Wool Cardie, Blanket, Vests, etc. All customers delighted. 1,000 genuine testimonials. Purchaser Sister & mother, 15 years' experience. Call or send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Cash or terms). Mrs. J. Howard, 84, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/- 99 Many-useful pieces. Contains everything from Chr.s. Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes: "You could not buy them here for £5, so reasonable 30/-." Similar letters daily. Post 2/- now for this guaranteed unequalled bargain on approval. Cash or instalments.—Mrs. D. Menston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S DAINTY DURABLE LAYETTE, 21/- really good 40 pieces. Prettily made gowns, robes, flannels, shawls, vests, nappies, etc. All fine materials, 25/-, cash or terms. Send 2/- for parcel approval.—Mrs. I. Kneeler, 51, Dutfield Street, Wolverhampton.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 22/6; motors, 8/6; accessories, Violins, Accordeons, cheapest, 64-page list free. How to make Gramos.—Regentone, 195, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmer, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES, Motors. Latest Internal Horns, etc. Make Your Own. Building Instructions, 2d.—HUNT'S, 15a, High St., Deptford, London, S.E.8.

ACCORDIANS, Gramos., Concertinas, Pianos, Guitars, Saxophones, Mandolins, Jazz, Autoharps, Ukuleles, Banjolins, Violins, Banjolins.—Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Grey Gravel. Save middlemen's profits. Packed and Carriage Attended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. No. 1 Blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Special Blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 15/-. No. 2 Blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Special Blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8s. All carriage paid.—Fowler & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages Now 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-, "cheeky" bird.—Jas. H. Chapman's, 17, Tolmers Square, Euston Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Powders are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They save most violent cases by clearing away the very worms of the worm's existence. No fasting, no starving, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply of 1/6, stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Artico Patent Co.: 24-26, Corner, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful! No leather, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (403E), 98, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Manager, Institutes (J.B.), 32, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney trouble, Stone, cured by Parker's Field Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, etc.—or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Free list.

KIDNEYOUSNESS. A remarkable book on common cases of self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Nocturnal Nerve Fears, etc., etc., commended by Editor of "Health & Strength." sent privately for 14, only.—Henry Thomas, F. R. Soc. Arts, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

SUFFERERS from Eczema can obtain a free trial bottle of a preparation advertised on page 14.

PILES. A copy of the "Yadil Book of Ailments," Sheridan Johns Buff, Address, will be found in the advt. on page 31.

SUFFERERS from Catarrh will find ELLIMAN'S advt. on the back cover of this issue of special interest. A 10 days' free trial offer is made. Learn how to be free from this complaint by writing a postcard for particulars of this offer, and be sure to write to Dept. C.209, 36, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

BALDNESS CURED.—ATEKA grows New Hair in Three SHORT DAYS. Guaranteed genuine. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Large bottle 5/-.—Ateka Co., 32, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGH PRICES PAID for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates, Old Watches, Valuable Property, etc. Parcels sent value for value (no too small). Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 362, Oxford Street, London.

ANY Kind of gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash prices. Call or send. Bentalls, Ltd., Stand Jewellers, Underhead Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.13.

FOR MOTORISTS.

USED Cars from £1 cash, C.O.D., approval. New Tyres for cash, payments. Inquire. Motor Mart, London Car Co., 68, Theobalds Road, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

£1-0. BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. post free.—Tyimanil's, The Herbalists, 140, Richmond Rd., Cardiff, 50 yrs.' exp. Advice free.

A BEAUTIFUL FREE JUG designed in the form of "cash" from the ends of 50 SUNRIPE WHEAT Cartons. Send them to the Sunripe Wheat Co., Ltd., Dept. 26, Welwyn Garden City, Herts, as in the advt. on page 25. A free trial packet is also offered to readers who have not yet tried this wholesome food.

FREE. Send for the free SUNRIPE GIFT List and free particulars of £500 Cash Prize Competition.—Write Dept. H., 175, Shoreditch, E.1. The advt. is on page 31.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

BUY BY POST AND SAVE MONEY
JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED
Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

Pay for your HOLIDAY SUIT as you wear it and be SUITED & SATISFIED

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all

52/6

Also Four Suits from £8/8, and Dinner Dress Suits £6 6s. and upwards, all made to measure on similar easy terms. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Write or call for patterns, Style Book and Self-Measurement Form to:—

Established 1901.

B. THORNE & Co.
Langham St., London, W.1.
CITY BRANCH: Empire House (1st floor), St. Martin's-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.

GOVT RUCKSACK

American Naval Rucksacks of waterproof Sail cloth, size 14 ins. x 11 ins. Pockets for large thermos flask, cutlery; leather pouch and two spacious inside pockets. Outside flap which buttons over making a compact carry-all. A self-contained luncheon, touring or camping outfit, and may be carried on back or attached to belt.

These undoubtedly cost many times our selling price. Postage 6d. Each **1/11**

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford, E.

IMPERIAL BABY CARS

SNAP THIS CHANCE **2/- A WEEK**

FACTORY BARGAINS

Cash or Easy Terms.
All complete
No extras.

Beautifully made and finished.
SENT ON APPROVAL. Be sure you buy an Imperial Pram. Supplied DIRECT FROM FACTORY, so better buying is impossible. Write NOW for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and full details of generous EASY TERMS.

IMPERIAL CARS (Dept. E),
213/215, PENTONVILLE RD., King's Cross, London, N.1

It's cost saved on the first job you do

PENN'S FAMOUS LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER.
Sews a perfect lock-stitch as sewing machine, but stronger. No handyman should be without one.
THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

PRICE ONLY **2/-**

LEATHER STITCHER
Indispensable for Thrifty Homeworkers.
SIMPLE TO USE.
Quickly Sews Boots, Belts, Bags, Harness, Sail Cases, Hoods, Screens, &c. Complete with 3 different needles, thread and illus. directions. 2/- post 6d. Extra waxed thread 9d. skein, 3 for 2/-. Extra needles 3d. each, 2/9 doz.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. (Actual Inventors).
J. PENN & CO.,
142, COTTENHAM RD., LONDON, N.19

GARDEN GUNS .410 BORE

FOLDING MODEL.
A very handy, light gun for small game. Ideal for garden, scaring birds, protecting seeds; rooks, rabbits, etc. Suitable for farmers.
PRICE **30/-** Carr. paid.

As powerful as a 12-bore gun. Strong and reliable action, simple and efficient folding device. Length 46 in. Weight about 3½ lb. Fires cheap ammunition. Fully guaranteed. List of other models on request.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO.
121, Bath St., GLASGOW, C.2.

AMAZING BARGAINS!
UNDER HALF-PRICE CLEARANCE of SUPERIOR QUALITY
SUMMER FROCKS
DRASTICALLY REDUCED.

2 FROCKS 4/4 Post 9d.
3 FROCKS FOR 6/3 Post and Pkg. 1/-.

NOW ONLY **2/3** POST AND PKG. 5d.

ORDER by POSTCARD.
There is no necessity to forward remittance. Frocks can be paid for on delivery.
PAY ON DELIVERY.

STYLE 259.
Dainty Frock, in small check design, with belt and pleated skirt. Self collar. In Navy, Beige, Mauve, Wine, Apple Green and New Brown.

STYLE 275
Fashionable Frock, in a closely printed design, with self collar. In Navy, Butcher, Tan, Mauve, Apple, Bottle and Black.

Outsizes only 3d. Extra. 38, 40, 42 ins. Lengths 38, 40, 42. Outsizes 9d. extra.

All garments made from good quality materials, guaranteed to wash and wear well. Otherwise garment replaced or money instantly returned without question.

STYLE 258.
An effective Frock, in good quality washing material, with check trimmings to tone. Navy, Tan, Helio, Apple, Bottle, Butcher, Black and White.

Order at once, stating style, colour and size required. Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly returned.

JAMES MARTIN & SONS (Dept. 134),
82, ST. THOMAS'S ST., LONDON, S.E. 1

£2 GRAMOPHONE ELECTRIC PICK-UP FREE

To all who WRITE NOW for our BARGAIN LISTS and ORDER WITHIN 10 DAYS! The wonderful MIRACLE 2, 3 or 4-Valve Sets, all complete ready for listening-in, yours for 5/- down. Cone or Horn-type Loud Speaker. Astonishing results. LISTS FREE.

ONLY 5/- DOWN

WRITE NOW.
WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON, SURREY.

8/6 TYRES for 4/3

To get you to try our 8/6 "EXO" Unpuncturable Cycle Tyre, we offer one at exactly half price. Made of the best Para rubber and sold everywhere at 8/6. Fitted with the Puncture Shield. No more exasperating wayside delays—no more messy patching. The puncture-proof tyre whose puncture shield does not slow" the speed.

GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.
Thousands of testimonials. Only 4/3. Postage 9d. Two tyres post paid. State size. Money back terms. 160-page book of Cycles and Accessories free to anyone for 2d. stamp (half post). TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED

DOORHOUSES (DEPT. 89), PADIHAM, LANCS.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER
SAVES TIME AND MONEY.
FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs.

1/- Post 2d.
Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat.
Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it

FREE An Extra Blade will be given free to all sending for above.

J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2
(Trade enquiries invited)

WHIPCORD TROUSERS

To advertise our 32-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of **5/11** Postage 9d.

Over 40 in. waist 1s. extra. These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, lined to bottom and hip pocket, and as TOUGH AS HOB IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of wanting men's many bargains.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford, E.

SOLID OAK BED CHAIRS

2/6 only secures this 4 in 1 Solid Oak Bed-chair, and 10 Weekly payments 2/6 complete purchase. Polished dark or any shade. Soft Velvet Cord cushions, any colour. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat. 2 Reversible seat cushions. Carriage free England. Postal Orders only

NORTH SUCES TRADING CO., 58, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, W.1

£10 A WEEK FOR YOU

Shopping by Post is spreading like wildfire throughout the world. You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply in your own home by the "Hand" System. Expenses low, profits high, no special skill required. This "System," invented by Charles Hand, Founder and Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand & Co., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, made in the first year (1928) net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on an initial outlay of £141 (Certified by Chartered Accountants, Wardhaugh, McVean, Duncan & Co., 9, Southampton St., W.C.1). One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343! Tradesmen, treble your business. Ambitious men! don't wait for promotion—become your own master. Ambitious women!—this is a new career for you! Send to-day for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," to Charles Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Enclose 1½d. stamp.)

2/6 Now 1/10 for 50/-

TEMMAH GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES

REAL honest value, Temmah cigarettes are made of the finest matured tobacco, and will satisfy the most fastidious smoker. Try a box of 50. Send 1/10 and by return you will receive your 50 freshly-made Temmah cigarettes with a Free Gift of one celebrated Temmah blade which will give you many good shaves.

TEMMAH WORKS, 14-16, Lower Clapton Road, E.5.

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

Cash the Coupons

This Coupon will be accepted as 2/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 8/- Fountain Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold medium nib with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold (if desired) 6d extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "John Bull" Pen Co." Make payable to "John Bull," and state if fine—medium—broad nib.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. 24-8-29

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT PEN OFFER!

"2,000 PEOPLE USED IT."
"I have used pen constantly for about 6 years. Over 2,000 people have used it. Five times it has fallen . . . I have been asked scores of times what make it was and was proud to say: A "John Bull" Pen.—E. LILLEY, Esq., 35, Richmond Road, Cambridge.

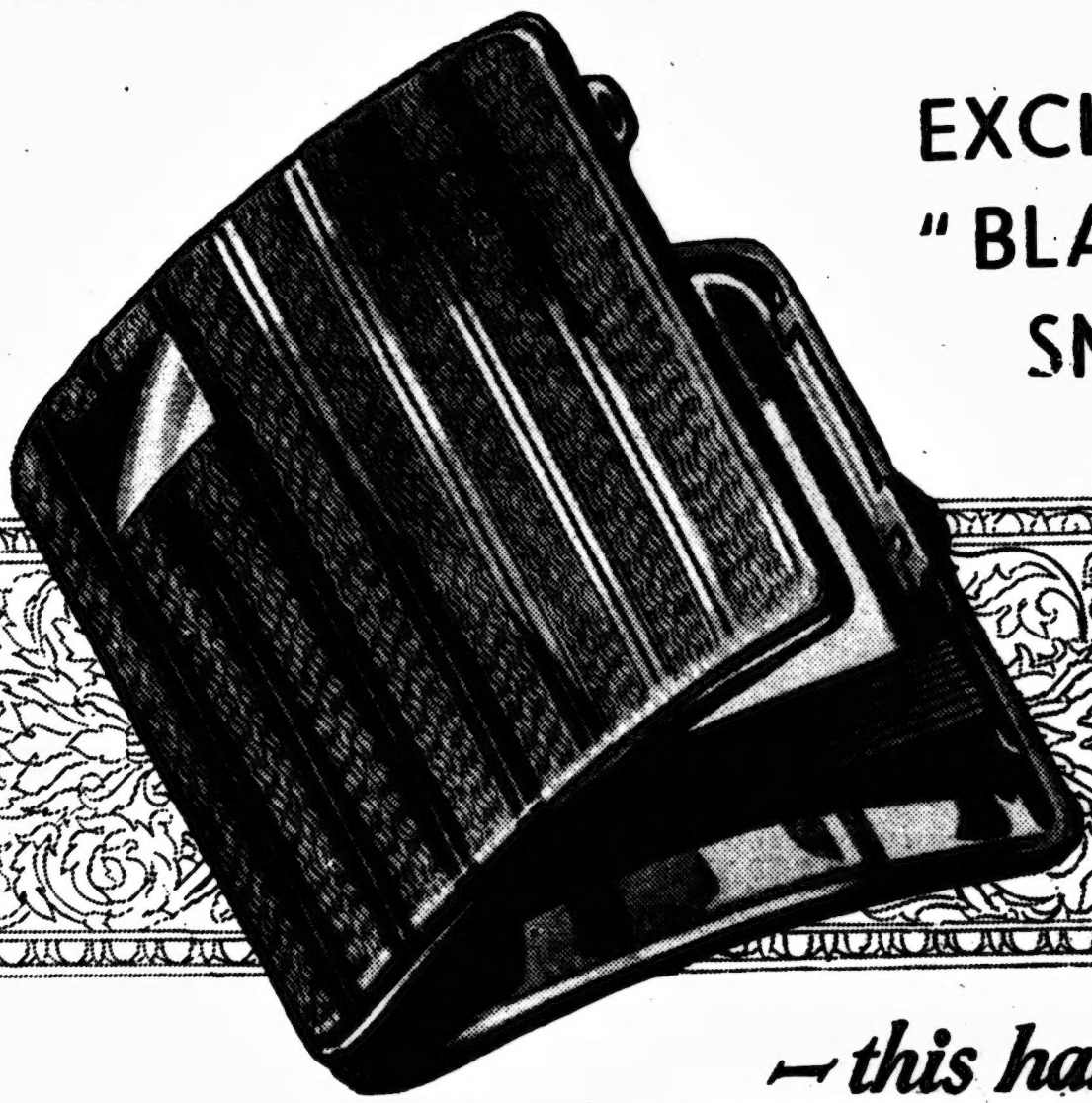
2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

Written two years' guarantee with every Pen.

Grandfather's Watch

Place sixpence on the newsagent's counter and receive "Grandfather's Watch"—to mention just one of the wonderful stories in The "John Bull" Summer Annual—a big bargain budget of fun for sixpence. But be in time—the copies are nearly all gone. Get yours to-day.

6D



EXCLUSIVE TO "BLACK CAT" SMOKERS

—this handsome

'VICEROY GOLD' CIGARETTE CASE

A new British metal—wears and looks like Real Gold—will not discolour and guaranteed free from plating.

You get Quality *two ways* with Black Cat. Quality Cigarettes —full size—and Quality Gifts.

free FOR 125 COUPONS

5 FREE COUPONS

(Dept. 8), Gifts Dept.,
CARRERAS LTD.,
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road,
LONDON, N.W.1.

Please Send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Only one of these signed coupons accepted.

Black Cat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
10 *for* 6ᴰ 20 *for* 1/-

N BULL.
ONDON, W.C.2.
GERRARD 9870.
LONDON.

JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Aug. 24, 1929. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Committee We Don't Like—Fate and Mr. Harrison

Drink Commission Grumbles

A Cotton Assault

The delay and continued inaction is an illuminating proof of the fact that our company and bankruptcy laws are loaded heavily in favour of the trickster and share juggler.

A new charter

The terms of reference for the proposed Royal Commission to enquire into the Civil Service will be very comprehensive.

Sir W. Fisher, Head of the Civil Service

Mr. Snowden has already decided that they shall include:

Recruitment and qualification of new entrants; reconsideration of the rule requiring women typists and officials to retire on marriage; the suggested £3 10s. a week minimum wage for adult civil servants; equal pay for men and women. superannuation; war service to be counted towards pension; more efficient Whitley Council machinery for conducting negotiations between the staffs and the authorities.

More than ever

Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Foreign Secretary, is proposing to run his eye over the Secret Service branch of his Department, with a view to seeing whether any of its activities, in these days when we are supposed to have no enemies, can be suppressed.

The amount that the Government is spending on Secret Service activities is considerably larger than it was before the war.

Another home truth

In addition to his public statements at The Hague, Mr. Philip Snowden has taken the opportunity of making unofficial representations about France's scandalous treatment of British holders of French war loan.

* * *

We called attention recently to the terrible hardship which has been caused to some of these unfortunate people who helped France in her need, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer shares our views.

Through the stabilisation of the franc at a fifth of its former value British subscribers to the four French war loans issued between 1915 and 1918 have lost about four-fifths of their money.

There will be fun

Mr. Clynes has chosen the first half of the Drink Commission from the ranks of the interested parties—Temperance and the Trade—in order to gauge public feeling on the matter and as an invitation to helpful criticism. Criticism he has received from all quarters—and not all of it helpful.

The Trade, in particular, is up in arms against one nominee, and considers him a bigoted, obstinate and fanatical Prohibitionist.

Mr. Clynes is anxious to have, if possible, a representative of the "man in the street" among the other ten commissioners, who are to be, as far as practicable, non-partisan.

Hurry up!

The unemployed who have suffered under the dubious administration of the Insurance Acts during the last few years have now set great hopes on the result of the enquiry that has been ordered by the Minister of Labour.

What Mr. Clynes described as "administrative persecution" we have repeatedly protested against—particularly the interpretation put upon the ambiguous phrase "not genuinely seeking work."

Sir Harold Morris, K.C., who is the chairman of the committee that has been appointed by Miss Bondfield to

"Well fitted"

investigate the problem, is well fitted for the job by his experience as President of the Industrial Court.

He must conduct this important enquiry with all possible speed.

Watching

Germany is rapidly becoming an economic vassal of America. Millions of pounds have been sunk in German industry by American financiers, and direct control of some of the largest German combines is now in American hands.

That is why America is watching events at The Hague so closely, and is also part of the reason why Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is in Europe.

Do not be surprised if before very long America revises her previous hesitation about taking part in any political developments in Europe.

The Hoover Government is primarily a business government, and if American financiers think their European interests are in danger we may see a quick change of policy regarding political intervention.

Smart Cotton

While the British cotton industry is wasting its substance in eternal disputes, the Americans, faced with almost as grave problems as rule over here, have set out to improve trade by creating entirely new markets.

They found that the cheapness of cotton was not an asset but a serious handicap. So they began to boost cotton, not for the thrifty but for the smart. Racy beach pyjamas, overalls, sun-tan frocks, quilted coats and other spicy novelties have been introduced.

In the first five months of this year the output of cotton goods increased by 25 per cent. The smart world of Palm Beach was taken by assault.

Tie snobs

There is anger and fury among the gentlemen of the Guards because someone has discovered that certain common people are wearing ties that might be mistaken for the exclusive Guards' tie.

This horrible outrage has given various retired colonels the most violent attacks, and they have been writing letters to their favourite papers, demanding something like court-martial and ten days' "C.B." for members of local cycling clubs and other institutions who have dared to select colours similar to those of the Guards.

* * *

Perhaps it will only make these explosive old snobs several degrees more purple to tell them that not one person in ten thousand knows a Guards' tie when he sees it, and that when Colonel Snooker-Pool swaggers at Torquay in all the glory of his regimental colours, the local policeman probably thinks that he is the skipper of a local quoits rink.

Explanation wanted

Allegations derogatory to British prestige are being circulated in Continental newspapers following a political trial in Poland.

The trial was that of Herr Ulitz, leader of the German minority organisation in Polish Silesia. In connection with this case a Cracow newspaper published what were said to be some secret German official documents.

One of these made reference to "monetary subsidies" paid from German official sources to a well-known British publicist for writing articles which showed Poland in an unfavourable light in her relations with Germany.

It may be that there is no truth in the story—but some explanation seems to be called for from the publicist concerned.

ny a slip

fortnight ago we told you how Mr. iam Harrison, of the *Daily onicle* group of newspapers, had over Mr. A. Beverley Baxter, aging Editor of the *Daily Express*, £10,000 a year salary and a long ract.

* * *

as! for both these gentlemen. The ract was a personal one with Mr. rison, and he has not since been to persuade the board of United spapers, Ltd., to ratify it.

owever, Mr. Baxter is reinstated on Beaverbrook's papers, not indeed e *Express's* managing director, but nother more important position. also to have a seat on the paper's rd.

pid Egypt

werful political leaders in Egypt ard at work discrediting Mr. Henon's outlined Treaty.

ey declare that the concessions do go nearly far enough. They will o secure the return at the coming eral Election only of candidates ged to reject the Treaty proposals. they succeed, they are due for a y jar.

. Henderson has stated that his osals embody Britain's utmost of conciliation. Rejection of them saddle Egypt with a British army finitely.

ang roaring

ne of the Press, we laid bare the dal of the "Blue Bird" companies their rotten foundation. We nded that the authorities should promptly in the interests of the of shareholders who have lost thing.

called for explanations of the ppearance of very large sums, and ng, the man behind the £2,000,000 had gone to Spain.

£2,000,000 ramp, had gone to Spain. w the Official Receiver has been essing the shareholders, expressn opinion that here is a case for est inquiry, and hinting that he s where Lorang is!

IF YOU SEE IT—(*Continued*)

"The Abbey is my church"

The vandal Dean

Even before he came to London, Dr. Foxley Norris, the Dean of Westminster, had the reputation of being a diplomatist; but not all his skill in managing committees has silenced the opposition to his proposal to build a new sacristy on to Westminster Abbey.

The Dean says that the Abbey is before all else a church—his church in which he is the final authority—and only incidentally a treasured national monument.

But the Dean's decision to extend the premises to suit himself raises the question whether Parliament should not place the fabric of all our historic churches in charge of an independent body, such as the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments, with power to restrain destructive deans and other clergymen.

Legal lottery

The shocking disparity in the punishment for motoring offences is well instanced by sentences passed on the same day in North London and Bakewell on two men accused of being drunk in charge of motor-cars.

One, John Bromley, an ex-Service man severely disabled in the war, got twenty-one days in the second division. The other, Joseph Moore, a bank manager, whose offence was aggravated by the fact that he injured a small boy, was let off with a fine of £28 15s.

Out in the cold

Everybody sings the praises of the men of our Mercantile Marine, but everybody is not so helpful in getting them into other employment when they retire from the sea.

These men have a particular grievance on account of the attitude shown towards them by those responsible for recruiting the Coastguard Service.

Although this service is controlled by the Mercantile Marine Department of the Board of Trade, it is virtually impossible for men retired from the Merchant Service to obtain admission to it.

Recruiting is almost exclusively confined to naval ratings, as it was in the days when coastguards were under the Admiralty. Surely it should be possible to find room for a few more merchant sailors.

Worth a little more

No action has yet been taken by the Colonial Office to augment the paltry sum voted for the destitute descendants of Tetteh Quarshie, who introduced the cocoa tree in to the Gold Coast.

Mr. Amery thought a grant of £250 sufficient recompense for that inestimable service—to which £30,000,000 worth of the Gold Coast's annual exports are nowadays due. But he promised to reconsider the matter.

Meanwhile, the poverty-stricken descendants of Tetteh Quarshie are still waiting for assistance. It should be granted at once by Mr. Amery's successor.

Bitten by mushrooms

Several M.P.s, who allowed their names to be used in connection with certain mushroom company promotions of last year's Stock Exchange boom, are unloading, as rapidly as possible, directorships that they do not wish to retain.

Their experience will doubtless teach them to be more wary in future about lending the distinction of their magic letters "M.P." for Stock Exchange purposes.

But what about the public who were tempted by the presence of M.P.s on various Boards to invest their money? Apparently they cannot unload their responsibilities so easily.

Minor earthquakes

According to the Secretary of the Association of Sub-Postmasters, one of its members claims to have a grievance.

He has received from the Head Post Office a solemn rebuke in the following terms: "An examination of your telegraph forms this month shows in several cases the date stamp impression upside down. Pierse see that the impression is correctly made in future."

No denials now

We find nothing to feel sad about in the announcement from Canberra of a serious slump in emigration to Australia, for we know something of the plight of would-be settlers there.

In the six months ending June, 1929, there was an excess of departures over arrivals of 1,095.

It is, however, almost a matter for mirth that no trustworthy information of the number of emigrants from Great Britain can be obtained, the Commonwealth Development and Migration Commission having had to confess that it is unable to supply these figures owing to the complexity of the official statistics, which have puzzled everyone who has studied them.

It used to be said that statistics could prove anything; here are some that can prove nothing, except that JOHN BULL's exposures of the emigration scandal, hitherto violently denied, were the truth.

All by themselves

Within the next few days London's newest hospital, staffed and equipped solely by women for women, will receive its first patients. Only those suffering from cancer and allied diseases are to be admitted, and only radium treatment will be given.

She heac'ed the enthusiasts

Some sections of the medical profession were strongly opposed to a body of women setting themselves to tackle the cancer problem on their own lines.

But, headed by Lady Briscoe, M.B., the enthusiasts stuck to their guns and now they have won through.

They deserve our congratulations.

That their treatment is full of promise is shown by the fact that at a clinic which has been formed while the hospital was being planned by Miss Elizabeth Scott (the architect of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre), 90 per cent. of the sixty-eight operation cases treated are now said to be cured all signs of cancer.

The two ages

In the Contributory Pensions Amendment Bill which he is now preparing, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Minister of Health, is arranging to wipe away a ridiculous anomaly which has been causing hardship to a number of old people.

As the law stands at present, an old man of about sixty-five can have two official ages. Under the Unemployment Insurance Act he can be deemed to have reached sixty-five without the production of a birth certificate, but under the Contributory Pensions Act he cannot be deemed to have reached sixty-five without producing that document.

Therefore, in certain cases, what happens is this. The Ministry of Labour comes along and says: "You are sixty-five: your unemployment dole now ceases." But the Ministry of Health says: "For our purposes you are not yet sixty-five, and so you cannot have a pension."

And the poor old man gets the worst of both worlds.

A way they haven't

The naval pension payable to a widow, under forty years of age, of an able seaman who lost his life in the disaster to submarine H.47 is 10s. 6d. per week.

Naval ratings are compulsorily insured under the Contributory Pensions Act, but widows are not allowed to draw two pensions at the same time.

On the other hand, the widow of a civilian who is killed whilst at work is eligible for an award under the Workmen's Compensation Act in addition to her widow's pension.

To compel naval ratings to insure themselves under a scheme from which they do not derive full benefit is fraud.

There is no excuse for economising at the expense of widows of men who died in the country's service.

Its own reward

There has lately been a revival of the outcry against small rewards offered to those who have found and restored large sums of money.

One man complains that after picking up a packet containing a cheque for £800, the owner rewarded him with "Thank you!"

There is too much loose thinking on this subject. While one looks for generosity, the suggestion that anyone should be paid lavishly for not keeping another person's property is indefensible. Also, a lost cheque is not lost money, for it can be cancelled.

Any article found should at once be handed to the police.

Anyone who fails to follow this rule quite properly renders himself liable to a charge of "stealing by finding."

Our rulers

The Glasgow Parish Council is still pursuing its tortuous path. A poor waiter, who has a small child to support, was offered temporary work as a stage artist. Sooner than remain on the "dole" he took the job.

He has now been told by the Parish Council that he must go to the Barnhill Poor House, as music-hall artists are not eligible for relief. The cost of keeping the man and his boy at Barnhill, where he would be unable to look for work, is 30s. a week. The cost of outdoor relief would be 17s.

The remedy lies with the ratepayers.

Cash-trap legends

Whenever you hear of an overseas company being formed, think twice or thrice before you invest your money in it.

Not so long ago a certain notorious firm formed an overseas branch, and gave particulars in the prospectus of factories and such-like which it owned in a Continental country.

The factories were subsequently discovered to be legendary.

The great difficulty is that it is almost impossible to check the claims made in the prospectus. This is where the Department of Overseas Trade might help the investor to look before he leaps.

The Left Wing thinks

The I.L.P. Summer School gathering at Welwyn was responsible for a lot of straight speaking that did not get into the newspapers; and the "Short-cut-to-Socialism" enthusiasts found no support for the view that when Parliament resumes in the autumn, the Labour Government must either do revolutionary things or get out.

Mr. Maxton received much friendly but firm advice from those who want the Labour Government to have the chance of showing the country that sanity and real social reform may go together.

Conservatives who expect the Labour ginger group to upset the MacDonald-Snowden apple cart are likely to be disappointed. The Clydesiders won't play the Tory game.

The reaper comes early

Mr. Ben Turner, Secretary for Mines, is making himself personally acquainted with to-day's conditions under which miners work at the coal face.

"Making himself personally acquainted"

We hope that while he is doing this he will take every opportunity of securing greater safety of employment for boys in pits.

The casualty figures relating to these boy miners are a grave reproach to the industry. Last year, for instance, of the boys under eighteen employed in mines in Great Britain sixty-two were killed and 10,464 were injured in accidents.

These figures are the more lamentable in view of the fact that thirty-six of those killed and 7,216 of the injured were under sixteen years of age.

Casualties among boy miners have not materially decreased during the past ten years; and there should be much closer supervision of the conditions under which they work.

Disturbing

The eleventh-hour reprieve of George Fratson, who was sentenced to death for the murder of a Manchester doorkeeper, cannot fail to arouse grave misgivings in the public mind.

When the life of a man in the dock is allowed to depend on the chance discovery of a faint finger-print on a piece of cardboard, then something is radically wrong.

The finger-print was produced after the passing of the sentence. What if it had not been brought to light for a few days longer?

Still at it!

George Morton, of 57 58, Pall Mall, S.W.1, is a defaulting bookmaker whose activities have been previously referred to in the columns of JOHN BULL, and further complaints of his twisting methods are reaching us.

A London client had a good win over Songe in the Hunt Cup, but it was a paper win only! Morton would not pay, and, when legal pressure was brought to bear, pleaded the Gaming Act, thus evading the liability.

He is a "dud" bookie whom backers should avoid like the plague.

Seeing Britain

A free fight between two drunken women is one of the memories of Blackpool a number of Danish Scouts have taken home with them.

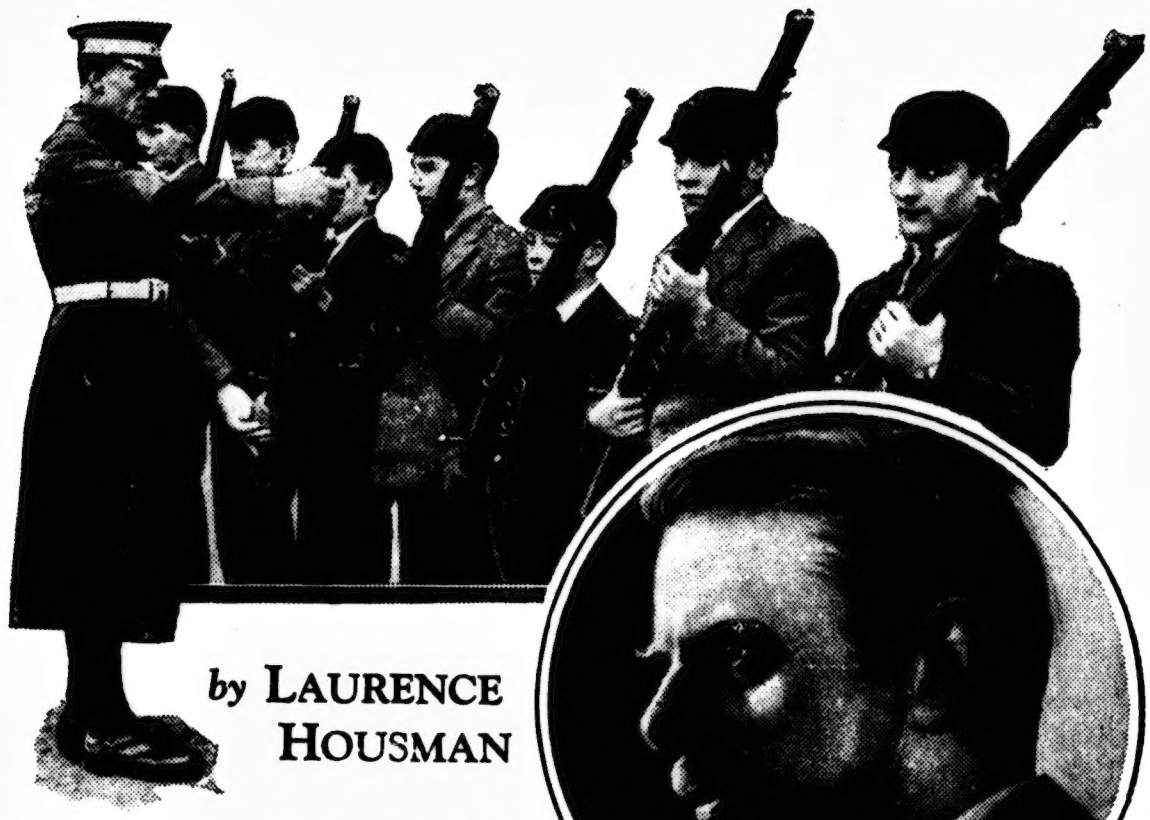
Blame for this disgraceful exhibition—and, no doubt, for others of the same kind—is due to the local authorities who permitted a booth for the sale of liquor to be erected at the very gates of Arrowe Park.

Windfall for Willie

After serving for twenty-four years in the Army, William Micklesfield, who was discharged from the A.S.C. in 1919, was receiving until a week ago a pension of only 4d. a day.

As a result of representations by a pensions expert made on his behalf, Micklesfield's pension has now been increased to 9d. a day for life, and arrears totalling £72 have been granted to him.

Packing Death in the SCHOOL BAG



by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

HAVE a certain respect for those who have been actively in war and still believe in it. I have none whatever for those who, without active experience, talk loudly of their detestation for war while devising processes which e war in the future only more probable. I mean those, for instance, who at moment will declare war an abomina-, and then, putting a small gun into a d's hand, will say, "There's a pretty toy you!" or—what is far more serious—will lously familiarise his mind with the tacular excitements of war while con-ing the horrors of it.

These war mongrels are rampantly active ur midst to-day.

The rising generation is being presented a one-sided view of war, which is care- calculated to make it believe not only war is an efficacious remedy for inter-onal disputes, but also a fine and en-ing game.

Not long ago an ex-Service man wrote ng my advice.

Having himself faced war and realised its alities, he had made a record from his war y—truthful and unadorned—for the in-ction of his sons as to what war really ns.

Instantly he was told by elderly relatives, other instructors of youth, that it was ir to present young, growing minds with own prejudices against war before they reached "years of discretion."

What, he enquired, ought he to do?

I hope he did what I did: I got on to my -legs and denounced the dishonesty of gang of elders and abetters of war.

Sugared to Taste

OULD they for a moment ensure that those growing minds would not have imposed on them, in school and out of ol, at kinemas and theatres and air ants, a far more prejudiced and one-sided entation of war, sugared to taste, than would have got from the bitter home-ns of their father's war diary?

Under present conditions, the weight of ence would be all the other way, as those ctors must have known perfectly well.

But all that really concerned them was keep the young mind open for the aganda of war in the future as it had ys been in the past, under the hypocritical ence that until they came to years of dis-on those susceptible young minds would mpartially left alone.

Well, I will give just a few instances of "letting alone" which now goes on.

About two years ago, with the connivance he education authorities, children were n in their thousands, during school hours, atch at Hendon the glories of an air ant, which culminated in the bombing, tifully and effectively, and without a e casualty on our side, of a Chinese town. The children vociferously applauded, and away filled with the sense of what a easy and delightful thing it was to nd, like the gods, upon one's enemy from e, and, without a scratch, bring down on a whole population.

Yes; all very well when the objective was the "heathen Chinee." But, in a later pageant, when London was under attack, then the boot was on the other foot, and the delighted spectators were doped with a finale of a very different kind.

There they beheld a flight of "enemy" aeroplanes making for London, accompanied from below by a mighty hullabaloo of anti-aircraft guns, whose plausible job was to prove London "safe."

War fairy-tales

SO when the proper distance had been reached for the pretence to appear realistic, down in flames came the whole of the attacking squadron; and once more the children—the grown-up and the ungrown-up—whom the Government was out to delude went home properly reassured and delighted, feeling that for the French to attack London would not be such a bad thing after all—except for them.

Again, the Government send a "military tattoo" through the country; and wherever it goes, with its beautiful spick-and-span manœuvrings and never a hitch, and hair-breadth escapes of performers who always do escape—wherever it presents its pretty fairy-tale about war, there recruiting increases.

Grown-up children, whose minds have been so carefully kept impartial till years of discretion, fall to the allure, filled with the conviction that if war is like this, they too would like to have a hand in it.

Similarly, for the making or faking of war-films which are favourably tendentious, the Government supplies material gratis, or at reduced prices; and the film-makers can turn out a really impressive spectacle, on lines friendly to war, at a far lower cost than other films for which large numbers are required.

In the latter case the performers all have to be paid by the producers, while for these war films you and I pay with our taxes, and the Government secures the effect it is out for—making war look pretty to young minds.

Note also how the game is played in our public schools, so "impartial" in their training of the growing mind.

Not long ago certain educationists from Germany were taken to one of these schools, and there shown the cadets at their drill. The complete militarism of the spectacle took them by surprise.

"We should not be allowed," they said, "to do anything like this in Germany."

The headmaster replied that he hated the whole business, but "the parents insisted on it."

That may or may not have been true; it was certainly not all the parents who did so, for one parent had written to that headmaster asking that his son might be exempt from military training.

The headmaster had replied that it was a difficult matter, and very hard upon the boy, since he would be the only one in the school left out, and would have to bear the brunt of his parent's prejudices.

Mr. Laurence Housman : poet, novelist, painter and philosopher
The Guards' sergeant is showing schoolboy recruits in an O.T.C. contingent how to "port arms for inspection." War is made ever so attractive for such potential officers during their school-days

But he need not have been the only one, for another parent had made the same request and had received the same answer. No doubt, by dealing with them one by one the headmaster was able to make his answer truthful in each case. But that was not honest dealing; nor is the system, if so run, an honest system.

For here, in an educational institution, a school for war is being provided and a school for peace is being denied to the young; and when parents protest blinkers are provided. Thus the war-mongrels cover up their tracks, making excuses for themselves.

For it is, indeed, very hard on a boy to make him stand singly in a school the victim of his parent's "prejudices"; make him singular, and there is a good deal to be said for letting him join the ruck.

But were a ballot on the question allowed to the boys and their parents, would the objectors to the system be so singular as they now appear?

These are but some of the instances which have convinced me that more war-training than peace-training is being given by our authorities to the young minds of to-day.

And the position is much the same when we turn to public affairs.

Symbol of Peace

NINE months ago I appealed to the Government to let such a peace demonstration be made on Armistice Day by allowing the troops at the Cenotaph service to parade without arms. The Minister for War replied that such a suggestion was "childish," and that he would not allow the troops to appear "undressed."

Yet I only asked that they might do, at that solemn memorial service, as they always do when they go to church—leave their rifles behind them.

Because it would have been a symbol of the nation's will for peace, the War Minister turned it down.

It is not so much the empty foolishness of his answer, as the manifest ill-will of it, which makes it significant of the official mind. A very large section of the public and of the Press "childishly" approved of my proposal; and I am not without hope that, with a new Government, we shall see the thing done.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

TORIES' Candid Friend

Free State's Ideas of Freedom—Don't Go to Canada—Golden Heart on the Dirt Track

President COSGRAVE,
Templeogue, Dublin

SIR,—The Irish Free State, over whose Council you preside, has been given the greatest freedom enjoyed by any Dominion within the British Brotherhood of Nations.

The bonds of Empire that still hold you are no restriction, but an honour of which you can be proud.

Further to loosen them, as you threaten to do, by abolishing the right of appeal to the Privy Council and to the Crown, would be to pass altogether outside the fold.

Before you put your proposal before the Imperial Conference, consider well whether it will help you when next you approach the despised Mother Country for financial assistance.

JOHN BULL.

The Hon. PETER LARKIN, *High Commissioner for Canada, London*

SIR,—Why don't you warn prospective emigrants to Canada that the annual autumn lay-off there will shortly throw a large number of harvest and lumber men out of work?

You do not tell intending settlers that last year the Salvation Army was called upon to provide nearly 300,000 beds and meals to down-and-outs in Eastern Canada alone.

Nor do you disclose the shocking conditions in Vancouver, where an Oriental correspondent to the *Sun* newspaper counted sixteen white men eating out of his garbage can on one morning alone.

There is something radically wrong with your immigration system, but you won't mend matters by hiding the truth.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. B. LEES SMITH,
Postmaster-General

SIR,—I shall not be surprised if the England-India Air Mail Service is shortly discontinued, owing to lack of public support. It cannot go on carrying large mail-bags containing one letter apiece.

What are you going to do about it? The pilots are the finest in the world. The machines are the best going. The fault seems to lie with your office.

Practically everything under the sun is advertised in Post Office publications. The books of stamps, for instance, contain advertisements of insurance offers, shipping companies, banks and manufacturers of medical accessories—but not a word about Air Mail rates and benefits!

A business firm would not stand for it.—JOHN BULL.

Captain ALEC S. CAMPBELL.
Naval and Military Club, London, W.

SIR,—Your defence of stag-hunting in a London newspaper is the most idiotic I have ever seen

"We know the people like it," you say; "we believe the horses like it; and the hounds like it, and we do not know that the quarry objects to it."

If you cannot imagine the feelings of a cornered stag which is just about to have its throat cut, then you are a sorry person to pose as a lover of animals and sportsman.—JOHN BULL.

Lord HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM,
c/o the Jailer, Bow St. Police Court

YOUNG FELLOW-MY-LAD,—As heir to an earldom you are by courtesy called a lord; but after a free fight you found yourself in the dock at Bow Street on terms of equality with a labourer.

You tried to dodge publicity by giving a false name.

I am glad that the magistrate was not fobbed off, and forced you to reveal your real identity.

As you are only twenty-three, you have still time to learn the meaning of your family motto—"Virtue is worth a thousand shields."

JOHN BULL.

Signor MUSSOLINI,
Palazzo Chigi, Rome

SIR,—I am amazed at the audacity of your political police in casting into jail the English wife of Signor Rosselli because her husband succeeded in escaping from the claws of Fascism.

To wreak vengeance on a woman who suffers from a weak heart, and is an expectant mother, is unworthy of those traditions of Ancient Rome of which you claim to be the custodian.

If Fascism means the terrorisation of helpless women—then down with Fascism!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK VAREY,
Manchester Speedway

DEAR FRANK,—Your mother must be feeling very proud of her son just now.

When she was ill, and the only thing that could save her was radium, you determined to get it. Your salary as a mechanic was insufficient, so you tinkered together a motor-cycle and determined to become a dirt-track star.

You succeeded, and every prize meant a greater chance of life for your mother.

And you kept your secret, even when your desperate efforts were taken for greed, and you lost popularity. The barracking crowd did not know you raced against Death.—JOHN BULL.

Mr H. BASDEN, *President*
Upminster Golf Club, Essex

SIR,—Your success in preserving 170 acres of countryside from speculative builders is to be commended.

But go a bit further. Set an example to other clubs by opening an artisans' section and give the man in the street an opportunity to enjoy your historic old club-house, and the pleasure of driving down your fairway.

There should be no class distinctions in sport. Up, Upminster, and set the lead!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. HOLLYWOOD, *Chairman, Edmonton Urban District Council*

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—You deserve all the bouquets you will doubtless get when your new four-foot sewer is finished.

The experts said it could not be laid by direct labour in three months, inside an estimate of £3,400.

But you put the local unemployed on the job. And, lo! it will be finished nearly a month before the scheduled time, and at much below the estimated cost. When you rake in the laurels don't forget the hearties who helped you to them.—JOHN BULL.

Prince SACHSEN-MEININGEN,
The Hague

DEAR SERENE HIGHNESS.—It is such a come-down for you to be booted out of The Hague Conference.

But then, you shouldn't have smuggled yourself in there on a borrowed card. Because you are the ex-Kaiser's nephew and the scion of a one-time sovereign house, that doesn't entitle you eavesdrop. Princes shouldn't pry.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. A. BAUMANN,
Chief Tory Scribe

DEAR A.A.B.—You are the only candid friend the Tories have; the others are only candied and sugary.

You realise that Tory policy, organisation and leadership are all rotten; and tell your Party frankly that until it puts its house in order it hasn't an earthly of turning Labour out of office.

I am nearly as concerned as you over this Tory slump; not because I share your political notions, but because the existence of two healthy parties in the Commons is a condition of good Parliamentary government.

Special congratulation on your outspoken wish that Mr. Snowden "was a Tory." But you won't persuade him to come over and act as shepherd to the bleating sheep just yet.

JOHN BULL.

Not from a.L.O.— *—Mr. J. Garton and Sir William Price*

MILK *and* BILK

The Tragic Comedians

The Board of Trade and the Food Council complain of this arrangement. But I've already advised the Food Council not to meddle in our affairs, and I think my friend, Sir William Price, head of the United Dairies, will endorse my view.

(Sir William enters and bursts into song.)

MILK! milk! milk!
Ere day in the town has begun!
Milk! milk! milk!
When the day of most workers is done.
Jersey, Friesian and Co.:
Friesian and Jersey somehow
Must each be led to the milking bail;
And while they're enriching us, pail by pail,
We sadden the world with our mournful wail
While singing the Song of the Cow.

Permit me to introduce myself, ladies and gentlemen. I am J. Garton, president of the National Farmers' Union, than whom nobody is better qualified to speak for British agricowturalists.

We are a down-trodden class, and it is time that someone wrote of our sufferings in the strain which Tom Hood employed in "The Song of the Shirt." Nobody knows what we have to put up with; for either there is too much rain, which destroys the crops, or there is a drought, so that we have no water for the cows to drink.

Every farmer knows that he could have made a better job of arranging the seasons than Nature made of it, so we agricowturalists, in collaboration with our friends, the dairymen, have rearranged the year into two seasons, consisting of summer, lasting four months, and winter (during which we charge a penny a quart extra for milk) which lasts the remaining eight months.

To all that my friend, Mr. Garton, has said
I heartily warble "Hear, hear."
As I of the Dairies United am head,
When Food Councils dare interfere
With us and our like, well, we simply retort:
"We've never accepted your silly report!"
(Both together)
So that is that,
As we've told 'em flat,
And we'll live through this sev'n-penny crisis!
For when summer is here,
It's abundantly clear
That it's time to instal winter prices!

Indeed, ladies and gentlemen, you see in us a living embodiment of the Heavenly Twins.

We have quarrelled in the past; but in face of the common enemy (that is to say, the mutts whom we are always urging to "Drink more milk") we are firm'ly united. And so we get back to where we began:

Milk! milk! milk!
As long as the public will pay!
Milk! milk! milk!
Who cares what Food Councils may say?
Each penny we add to the quart
Is well worth the racket and row;
And so, with voices as soft as silk,
Dairyman, farmer and all our ilk,
While the consumer we cheerfully milk
Chortle the Song of the Cow!

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. H. A. L. FISHER: "To cultivate the habit of pure indolence is part of human wisdom."

Many politicians display that particular brand of wisdom once they reach Westminster.

* * *

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY: "The day of seeing visions and dreaming dreams is not yet passed."

But the time to translate them into beneficent action has arrived.

* * *

DEAN INGE: "If you want simply to get 'fun,' a hard heart and a good digestion will help you more than all the cardinal virtues."

Which explains the sort of people who find fun in hunting carted stags to death.

* * *

MR. GEORGE YOUNG: "Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Signor Mussolini are virtually two peas from the same pod."

Thank goodness, no one has ever seen two peas from the same pod exactly alike.

* * *

REV. C. CARROLL: "The majority of the people in our parish realise no need of any kind of religion in their lives."

People always appreciate the religion that satisfies their spiritual needs, but it is not always preached to them.

SICK ANIMALS CHARITY

Disclosures

A MOST astonishing quarrel has been smouldering for some years between the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor and high cials of the Royal College of terinary Surgeons.

or although the former institution lects thousands of pounds from the blic each year for the treatment of pets—and claims to treat 2,000 mals each day—it employs no single lified veterinary surgeon.

he matter is plainly one which uld be thrashed out in public. Yet doubt whether the distinguished n and women who have lent their nes, or the countless people who e subscribed generously to the .S.A. are aware that the contro- sy has been going on.

he People's Dispensary for Sick mals is a comparatively young anisation, yet it has made enor- us strides.

s patron is H.R.H. the Prince of les. Lord Birkenhead, Lord Eustace cy, Mr. Reginald M'Kenna, Mrs. nley Baldwin, Lady Farren and y Chalmers have served on its eal committees.

n idea of the extent to which public pathy has been enlisted by its anisers may be gathered from the that in 1927—the latest figures ilable—£43,000 was subscribed to P.D.S.A.

he organisation now maintains ensaries, a sanatorium, a fleet of n caravans for visiting remote dis- ts, and an all-night ambulance ser- in London.

rs. Dickin, the honorary director of P.D.S.A. has frequently been asked she does not follow the example the R.S.P.C.A. and Our Dumb nds' League, and appoint properly lified members of the veterinary fession to aid it in its work.

singular position arises here, for person accepting a fee for treating mals and assuming a title suggest- he is qualified, is liable to conviction er the Veterinary Surgeons Act of . Mrs. Dickin's staff are paid by People's Dispensary and do not, of rse, accept fees from those whose they treat.

Unqualified

his means that any unqualified per- can treat sick animals, and earn r living by so doing so long as they only paid by money collected for rity. But Mrs. Dickin holds that ough her workers have no official lifications, they are skilled.

his is naturally a subject on which h can be said on both sides.

HN BULL is determined that the air ld be cleared.

he question is crystallised in letters have been exchanged by Mrs. kin and Lt.-Col. J. Wakefield ney, C.B.E., a prominent member he Royal College of Veterinary geons.

-Col. Rainey could not understand the People's Dispensary should not oy qualified workers. He therefore ed Mrs. Dickin to give her views he subject.

Two P. D. S. A. officials doctor a sick serpent. The portrait is of Mrs. Dickin

Mrs. Dickin replied: "I, of course, admit that veterinary surgeons are more competent in the exercise of their calling than laymen, but am not prepared to include in that category men who have spent many years in the study of animals, their diseases and treatment."

The People's Dispensary, we find, maintains its own "college" for training its workers. But the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons is the only body authorised by Royal Charter and by Statute to control the education and training of veterinary practitioners.

Lt.-Col. Rainey was disposed, therefore, to carry his correspondence still further.

"You tell the public," he wrote, "that the rules of the R.C.V.S. do not permit of your employing veterinary surgeons, whereas the fact is that you decline to confer with representatives of the R.C.V.S. in the matter of such

Rich Society's Unqualified Staff

employment, and you ignore my assurance that the R.C.V.S. would be happy to meet you on this point.

"You do not tell the public that the system of training to which you refer is carried on at your depôt in Commercial Road by a person whose sole claim to scientific knowledge rests on the fact that he was able to pick up some smattering of veterinary science from his father and his father-in-law, who were veterinary surgeons.

"You do not tell the public that you are thus glad to make shift at third hand of a veterinary knowledge whose original source, the veterinary profession itself, you pretend to despise."

Lt.-Col. Rainey also visited the P.D.S.A. hospital in Commercial Road. Here are his remarks about it:

"I looked through the syllabus of your so-called training and discovered, as might be expected, that for the most part it was arrant nonsense. I saw your holocaust of cats and small dogs that had been slowly stifled to death in your so-called lethal chambers. I know of what I am talking, because I have tested that type of chamber and have discarded it because of its cruelty.

Broken spine

"I saw a horse in slings whose cause of disability could only have been azoturia or fractured spine, and was told that 'it had something wrong with its liver.' Your manager and instructor told me that absurdity. . . ."

While we are not in a position to endorse Lt.-Col. Rainey's criticisms, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that he is an acknowledged expert in such matters.

Obviously, therefore, this discussion should not be confined to individuals, affecting as it does prominent people, public money, and the welfare of suffering animals.

Both sides should come out into the open, and we invite Mrs. Dickin as the moving spirit of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor to explain why her organisation prefers an unqualified staff to trained veterinary surgeons.

Weekly Informations— —from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A NEW BREW—*in an Old Tea-Pot*

READERS write to me from all parts of the country to ask my opinion of a new bonus scheme that has just been put out by Collinson Bros., of Barking, Essex.

This firm induces people regularly to purchase tea and cocoa from doorstep canvassers by promises of cash bonuses. A clause in its circulars states that the bonuses will be paid "strictly in their turn, *but not in any specified time.*"

In point of fact, thousands of people have purchased tea from Collinson's, or similar firms, for years without ever receiving any bonus.

This is what Collinson Bros. have to say in their latest circulars:—

"A tea business at Hull, carrying on a cash bonus scheme similar in many respects to our own—though quite independent—has recently been the subject of a prosecution.

"The case was taken before the Lord Chief Justice and two other judges, and the scheme was held to be an illegal lottery, the proprietor of the business being heavily fined."

* * *

Collinson Bros. now declare that they have taken "legal advice"; and, having ascertained that their scheme is the same in principle to the Hull concern's, have decided to close their business.

They express a hope that they can legally compensate all old customers for the loss of their bonuses by a new scheme.

But, despite their frankness, Collinson Bros. have evidently thought it wise to omit mention of the fact that their own firm has also been the subject of a legal action.

A disappointed housewife in Manor Park, London, E., sued Collinson Bros. in November last for a bonus of £3 10s. at Bow County Court.

She had purchased tea and cocoa regularly for six months, having been told by a canvasser that her bonus would be paid at the end of that period.

* * *

Collinson Bros. repudiated their canvasser's verbal promise and sought to shelter behind the clause to which I have already drawn attention.

But Judge Thomson decided that there was a very clear case of a contract having been made and gave judgment against Collinson Bros.

Now let me briefly analyse Collinson Bros.' new scheme. Old customers are being presented with imposing blue vouchers, said to be valued at 10s. Those who used to take a quarter of a pound of tea weekly are given two of these vouchers. As many as seven vouchers are given to customers whose weekly order has been a quarter of a pound of cocoa and half a pound of tea.

Coupons will also be given away with future purchases. A half-pound packet of tea will contain a 2d. coupon and a quarter-pound packet of cocoa will contain a 1d. coupon.

Judge Thomson "gave judgment"

When a customer has collected 40 tea coupons, or the equivalent in cocoa coupons, Collinson Bros. will pay out 6s. 8d.—the face value of the coupons, and cash one of the 10s. vouchers.

Let me show how this would work out in practice. I will take the case of the best customer—one of long standing, who has been cheated of her bonus under the old scheme, according to Collinson Bros., simply because of the unsympathetic attitude of the law.

She is the proud possessor of seven blue vouchers—equivalent to £3 10s. Patiently she starts to collect the new coupons. If she keeps up her custom on the same scale as she has done in the past it will take her twenty-seven weeks to collect sufficient coupons to enable her to cash one of her vouchers. On this basis she will have to continue her custom for four years before her last voucher has been cashed!

And meanwhile, she is paying through the nose for an inferior brand of tea.

ANTI-DAZZLE—CRASH!

—Now for a Searchlight

"Anti-Dazzle" set out to make screens to protect car-drivers' eyes from dazzle. Actually its shareholders, like the woman in this picture, were caught by the glare of its lying publicity—and ruthlessly run down

HUNDREDS of families throughout Great Britain have just been brought to financial ruin by the crash of Anti-Dazzle Screens, Ltd.

Exploited by a group of men of whom the City of London would be well rid, the shares of this company have now slumped with terrible suddenness.

From beginning to end, we find, this undertaking was founded on lies and misrepresentation. Voluntary liquidation has had to satisfy the shareholders. But we shall be surprised if certain creditors do not take other action.

The shilling share was the medium for the money-spinning enterprise of the promoters. They broadcast their myths so loudly and convincingly that the shares shot up in a month to 1,700 per cent. above par value.

Now the shares are not worth a penny a score.

These three

Three men figure specially in the transactions of the company. They are Mr. H. W. S. Wills, Alfred Abrahams, a broker, of Coleman Street, E.C., and his brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Emmanuel Fingleston, who became managing director and latterly chairman of Anti-Dazzle.

Finglestone and Abrahams have also been connected with a concern called James Fenton and Co., financial agents, of Euston Road, N.W., and a word about that company is interesting.

We dealt with it two years ago, when it was involved in a particularly nasty share-pushing venture purporting to be associated with Ner-Sag, Ltd.

Teams of share hawkers were sent out by a firm called A. D. Braham and Co.; folk who parted with their money found that the touts had no authority to represent Ner-Sag and that their cash had not been invested in that company.

When the truth came out they were asked to sign agreements that the money secured for share purchases had been loaned to Alfred Abrahams, trading as Fenton and Co.

About that time, it seems, Finglestone and Abrahams were already laying plans for the Anti-Dazzle coup.

A company called Perspectus Glare Screens, Ltd., with the same address as Fenton and Co., was formed, and patents for a motor-car driving device were acquired by it from Penton and Co.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this screen is that patent rights were ever obtained for it.

Then the ill-starred Anti-Dazzle ship was floated.

For the first week or two there was only a sluggish response to attempts at making a market in the shares. So a brilliant but despicable idea was conceived.

This was to distribute postcards to investors and the Press announcing that the company had received an offer of 50,000 dollars, plus 20 cents royalty per screen, for the sale of the American rights.

Up went the shares to 500 per cent. above par.

The postcard was issued in the secretary's name; but he protested that it was misrepresentation and resigned. The company's solicitors, whom he consulted, did likewise.

But the people holding the bulk of the shares were not satisfied with this rise in value, magnificent though it was. Their object was to make each shilling share they held worth 17s. 6d. or more, and they succeeded.

Their methods were simple. They just gulled the public with a torrent of fiction.

Mr. Wills had become chairman of the company, and he was the mouthpiece for the falsehoods. He gave out that 125,000 screens had been sold. Figures for an even later period now reveal that the number sold was only 14,000.

Another lie

Another lie was that the gross value of the sales was more than three times the capital of the company. They amounted, in fact, considerably later, only to one-fourth of it.

Mr. Wills repeated the American story—although there were no American rights to sell—and he also mentioned that an offer had been received for the Spanish and Italian rights. These statements cannot be confirmed.

In addition, Mr. Wills declared that the directors hoped to be in production at their *own* factory within a month. No goods have ever been manufactured by the company, and the only factory it ever had was the one where the myths were made.

After this last encouragement the shares rose to seventeen times their value. It was the moment that had been waited for.

Now some strange transactions began. Some 60,000 shares had been allotted to a financial house; but we have learned that part of the cash due for them was paid by Penton and Co.

Money lent

Moreover, the directors of Anti-Dazzle had loaned the money to Fentons to meet the payments, and accepted one, two and three monthly bills.

Abrahams had also, personally, been allotted nearly 92,000 shares. Again no cash was paid for them until after the untrue statements about the American rights had been circulated, and Mr. Wills' string of fables had caused the shares to rocket and the public to scramble for them.

Of course, the public was not informed that the actual position of the company was that it had a trading loss of £3,200, and was surviving on a ridiculous working capital of £4,000.

Mr. Wills has resigned the chairmanship of the company because a few weeks ago he went bankrupt.

It would have been interesting to hear what he would have to say at his public examination next month, but we learn that the Official Receiver has been notified that arrangements are being made by personal friends to pay his debts.

Among his creditors are a number of money-lenders, and Abrahams has entered a claim for £1,400.

Twenty-four hours before Mr. Wills told his lies about the prosperity of the company, another curious concern came into being styled the D. and H. Trust, Ltd. Its address was also that of Abrahams.

Canadian venture

This new company was the instrument for some amazing transactions a fortnight later in connection with a Canadian flotation of Anti-Dazzle, the prospectus of which was founded on Mr. Wills' fictions. So complete was the deception that the £80,000 asked for was subscribed thirty times over.

One-third of the money actually went to the D. and H. Trust. With Abrahams conducting operations, it bought the Canadian rights from Anti-Dazzle for £25,000, and then resold them to the new Canadian company for £40,000.

For his extraordinary services the Anti-Dazzle directors inexplicably voted £3,500 to Abrahams, who, of course, had been doing nothing else than acting both as principal and agent.

When they saw the crash coming the directors tried to secure authority to double the capital of the company. They did not disclose that it was insolvent, and that the sheriff's officer was in possession of what assets it had.

One asset, however, had disappeared. It was a motor-van, and the police had removed it because it was a stolen one.

There are numerous entries in the books and minutes of the company which require explanation, but one is specially baffling. It refers to a loan of £3,000 to a Mr. Wilby whom nobody seems to know. Perhaps Abrahams does, because he has repaid £1,000 of it.

Let the Official Receiver act.

The SEXTON'S REWARD

MR. H. MARDLES, of Albert Street, Fleet, Hampshire, has just been displaced from his position.

Twenty-five years ago—when Fleet was little more than a hamlet—Mardles was appointed sexton for the parish. For a quarter of a century, during which time Fleet has grown into a town of more than 5,000 inhabitants, he has trudged to and fro from his little cottage to the church, four, and more often five, six and seven times a day.

Always at his post by five o'clock in the morning, he had to prepare fires and clean the church before early services. He knew nothing about the movement for a five-and-a-half-day week.

His working week was seven days long. His labours never ceased until late in the evening. He was not just a caretaker, but sexton and clerk to the vicar.

Evidently appreciating the fact that Mardles was approaching the autumn of his life—he will be seventy-eight years old in October—the churchwardens decided to supplant him by a more energetic man.

But the churchwardens were men with generous hearts. They could not bear to think that their old servant would now be practically penniless. And so they have allowed him the princely pension of five shillings a week.

Possibly they realised that it was impossible to live on that meagre sum. At any rate, they placed a box in the entrance to the church which bore upon it the inscription: "For Mardles' Presentation Fund." It stood there for weeks. No one could say there had been any hurry about the business. And it was then opened.

The amount which was inside must certainly have required many counters. For when Mardles' "pie" was opened the birds did not begin to sing. Neither did the counters. There was £12 10s. inside it, in recognition of thousands of hours of conscientious work.

Tyre Firm's Slave Trade Outrage

Mr. Harvey Firestone

Below is M. Dresselhuys, Liberian Minister in London. He should investigate these ex officers' complaints

A woman "tapping" a rubber tree in a flourishing Ceylon plantation. The Firestone rubber groves in Liberia will not flourish like this, if the company persists in nigger-driving

NUMBER of British ex-officers, engaged by a foreign concern for work in Liberia, the negro republic on the west coast of Africa, have ...ned home in disgust.

...eir employers, the American Fire- Rubber Company, not only broke ...ntracts with them, but also ex- ...d them to connive at the employ- of forced and sweated native ...r under conditions which recall ...orst traditions of the slave trade. the United States slavery was a institution within living memory. ...o Britons slavery is anathema. there is no wonder that these ex- ...rs refused to associate themselves the Firestone methods.

...er the war Britain's practical ...l monopoly in raw rubber annoyed ...Harvey Firestone, president of the ...st tyre-making concern in the ... He decided to put America on ...map as a rubber producer, and ob- ...d a 1,000,000-acre concession for ...r planting in Liberia.

...order to clear and plant this great ...much native labour was obviously ...sary. The best controllers of such ...r are British.

the Firestone Company engaged a ... in England, choosing its men for ... knowledge of robber planting.

... their arrival these men found the company had picked land ...azard, in some cases with a beau- ... disregard of previous ownership.

...e company had also entirely over- ...d the labour question.

...e Liberian of the coast considers ...ation work beneath him. The ...e of the interior strongly objects ...orking hundreds of miles away ... home.

...ch voluntary labour as could be ...ined trickled away when the native ...est came round, and the planta- ... were left naked of labourers.

...t mere niggers' freedom of choice ... not be allowed to stand in the ... of "big business."

Blunt invitation

...re was a conference between the ...any and the Government. The ...ion officials were bluntly invited ...ruit labour.

...y were offered a "head money" ...mission of two cents for each man ... nor would questions be asked ... the labour came.

...ish officers far away in the bush ... to receive consignments of foot- ...natives, marched in under armed ... Some of them had come a ten ... journey, torn away from their ...s and driven along, picking up ... food they could on the way. Many ... on the point of collapse, and ... soon after their arrival.

... methods whereby these men were "recruited" form a sombre catalogue of black corruption, but a single instance will suffice as typical of all.

A Liberian on the coast would secure a contract from the Firestone Company to fell, say, ten thousand trees.

He would then communicate with a friend up-country who acted as a commissioner or held some such judiciary post.

This man would descend on the nearest tribe, trump up a charge against its chief, and fine the tribe a sum beyond their capacity to pay. He would then demand the surrender of a sufficient number of able-bodied men to work off the fine.

Marched off

These unfortunates would be marched off to the area contracted to be cleared. The Government got the head-money; the "judge" and his friend shared the contract profits.

The men got nothing except a meagre rice-ration issued by the company; and eventually such of them as survived malaria, dysentery and accidents were marched back to their homes, more dead than alive.

At first the British overseers endeavoured to recruit paid labour by orthodox methods. But the Liberian Government frowned on this, having discovered the golden harvest to be earned from the American company.

With the concurrence of Firestone, the Government established a "labour bureau." Men from this bureau were drafted to the plantation under guard and paid a shilling a day.

After the price of the food supplied by the company was deducted, they could take half their money back to their tribe; but the other half went to the Government together with the "head-money."

The men engaged on "public works," including roads, and so on, for the Firestone Company received neither pay nor food.

The British officers, unused to handling labour under these conditions, soon protested.

One of them in charge of a mixed gang of voluntary paid labour and forced labour took the radical step of paying the forced labour also, in defiance of the company's instructions.

The later treatment of these Britishers by the Firestone Company is typical of its other actions. As their term of service was nearing its end many of them were asked to stay over their time in order to instruct young Americans in their work.

When eventually they went on leave, their contracts were ended by letter before their leave had expired. Those of them who tried to bring an action against the Firestone Company were told that as the contracts were signed by the American company they had no redress, because it was outside British jurisdiction.

We have evidence

An international committee of investigation, composed of an American, a Liberian and an official of the League of Nations, is about to sit to enquire into these Liberian slavery charges. If necessary, we shall be pleased to supply them with witnesses' evidence.

Only recently Lord Brentford, then Sir William Joynson-Hicks, on opening the Firestone factory at Brentford, eulogised American employers as models for British firms.

It will be interesting to learn what explanation the Firestone Company can give the investigation committee in order to justify Lord Brentford's words.

A Stone-breaker that Strayed

HAS anyone seen a lonely seven-ton stonebreaker lying about with a lost expression overshadowing its usually complacent countenance? If this question seems strange it is no stranger than the business methods of Messrs. J. Smith and Son, of Ropery Street, Bow.

We confess that until we investigated this company's affairs we were singularly ill-informed regarding the habits of seven-ton stonebreakers.

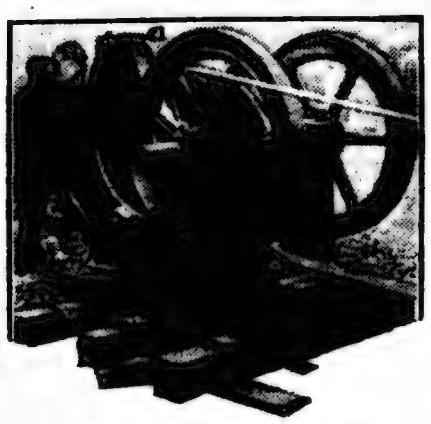
We regarded them as stolid, virtuous emblems of industry, incapable of running amuck. We were altogether wrong.

Apparently our view was not unique; but was shared by a Scottish engineering firm, which was approached by J. Smith and Son a little while back and offered a seven-ton stonebreaker for £45.

The Scottish firm needed that stonebreaker, so forwarded a cheque for £45 and requested delivery as soon as possible.

The first news it received that stonebreakers are a refractory class came with an announcement from J. Smith and Son to the effect that certain parts had been damaged while the machine was being loaded for its long journey to the North.

It would be necessary, declared Messrs. J. Smith and Son, to obtain



Here is another stone-breaker; it seems hard to lose

spare parts from the original makers, and this would take some little time.

As a matter of fact, it took so long that the Scottish firm sent several "reminders." But time dragged on and J. Smith and Son produced various excuses to explain the prolonged delay.

Eventually, its patience exhausted, the Scottish firm consulted a solicitor, and took out a summons against J. Smith and Son.

Here fresh difficulties arose, for the individual responsible for conducting the affairs of J. Smith and Son proved a very elusive person. He was never available, and after many futile attempts to serve him with the summons, it had to be left with his landlady.

Still the stonebreaker failed to materialise; and the matter came before the Bow County Court. Representatives of J. Smith and Son failed to appear, and the Scottish firm obtained judgment for £100 and expenses.

But even this has failed to have any satisfactory effect. It seems that the seven-ton stonebreaker for which this firm paid has been removed to some other destination and its present whereabouts is wrapt in mystery.

A carting contractor has testified to delivering the machine at Bishopsgate Street Station. But there the trail ends.

The address in Ropery Street given by Messrs. J. Smith and Son turns out to be a small private house, where an elderly man named Smith rents a single room.

There is no sign of stock or office furniture, and there is certainly no space in which a seven-ton stonebreaker could possibly be stored. Finally, the firm of J. Smith and Son does not figure in the records of Somerset House.

All of which shows the folly of buying seven-ton stonebreakers by post.

YES, WE OWE ALL TO GOOD HEALTH

OLD age need have no terrors for us nowadays. Statesmen have given us a pension and medical science has given us sure and certain means of dealing with frail health! The result is we old people "gad about" with April and August in our blood—just as we did when 21! .... Cassell's Tablets were first bought **when ladies had "wasp-waists" & huge hats** and gentlemen wore top hats and frock coats—*and "beavers"!* To-day Cassell's are bought by mothers with shingled hair and short skirts. Cassell's will continue to flourish till indigestion, nerve troubles, insomnia and other human ailments are made extinct. They are helping to make this aim come true.

. . . next year's our golden wedding day!

Name	Ailment	First Results	Ultimate Results
CASSELL'S FOR NERVES			
Mrs. A. B., ...	NEURASTHENIA	"After second bottle noticed improvement"	"Quite cured. Now in best of health"
Mrs. E. L. E.	NEURASTHENIA	"Soothed my nerves in half an hour"	"Now eat and sleep well and putting on weight"
Mrs. N. F. R.	NEURASTHENIA	"Began to eat and enjoy food . . . sleep soundly"	". . . put new nerves in my body, and have cured me"
Mr. F. J. S.	NEURASTHENIA	"Began to improve and eat better"	"Now in the pink . . . rapid cure unbelievable"
CASSELL'S FOR DYSPEPSIA			
Miss M. C. J.	INDIGESTION...	"Instant relief from pain and headaches . . . began to enjoy my food without vomiting"	"Quite cured"
Mrs. C. H. ...	INDIGESTION...	"My health began to improve almost from the first dose. I could eat, sleep, and appetite improved"	"Now really well and strong"
Mr. C. ...	INDIGESTION...	"After only one box I already felt a different man"	"I can now eat anything and enjoy it"
Miss D. McN.	INDIGESTION...	"First box cured"	"Quite cured"
CASSELL'S FOR INSOMNIA, ETC.			
Mr. F. M. ...	DEBILITY ...	"The first small bottle brought improvement"	"Feeling my old self again"
Mrs. A. H. ...	RUN DOWN ...	"After the first box the change was remarkable"	"I felt my old self again . . . for nursing mothers they are my greatest asset"
Mrs. J. M. M.	ANÆMIA ...	"After a few days lassitude disappeared"	"Now enjoy good health"
Mrs. P. ...	INSOMNIA ...	"Slept well, nerves steadier"	"A different being"

. . . AFTER 25 YEARS ACTUAL RESULTS PROVE CASSELL'S STILL THE FINEST TONIC

Nowadays—after twenty-five years—Cassell's are still the favourite remedy for nerves and indigestion, simply because of their wonderful effectiveness. Read this table of actual results through—what more could you expect? Every one got relief quickly—every one got absolutely well. Quick, safe, certain—that's what Cassell's are; that's why more are sold to-day than ever there were. The formula meets the needs of modern rushed off their feet, just as it met the need of Late-Victorians who lived in stuffy rooms and worked long hours.

FAMOUS TRIPLE TREATMENT

Everybody has heard of the wonderful three-fold action of Cassell's. How HYPOPHOSPHITES nourish the nerves; DIGESTIVE ENZYMES and STOMACHICS promote a strong digestion and keen appetite; and BLOOD NUTRIENTS enrich the blood stream. By this means nothing is left to chance; the whole system is nourished and nursed back to health and strength. Read the table through again . . . does it tally?

Now read our guarantee:

"WE GUARANTEE the purity, safety, and medicinal activity of Cassell's Tablets. They may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation, and are a curative agent wherewith all disorders consequent on a devitalised condition of the nerve centres may be satisfactorily treated"—*on every Cassell's carton.*

NERVE & DIGESTIVE AILMENTS

Dr. Cassell's a proved treatment for

HEADACHES
NEURASTHENIA
NERVE FATIGUE
NEURALGIA
SLEEPLESSNESS
BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS
INDIGESTION
PALPITATION
FLATULENCE
ANAEMIA

CASSELL'S TABLETS

The Truth about PHILIP SNOWDEN

The Man with the East Wind Mind

By A. G. GARDINER

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN has made history. I do not recall any personal success quite comparable with his astonishing apparition at The Hague. The suddenness and unexpectedness his onset took the old actors by surise. They rubbed their eyes. They used to believe their ears.

For ten years they had been cheerfully engaged in rifling the pockets of hn Bull without a word of protest om the polite and inoffensive agents whom he had confided his affairs.

It seemed the most natural thing in e world that England, having done ore than anyone else to win the war, ould pay everybody's war debts beles her own. Continental statesmen uld see no reason why the process blackmailing John Bull should ever se.

"Pay up or we'll scream," was the mple alternative offered us by our cellent Gallic neighbour—and we omptly paid up.

Mr. Lloyd George began this "hushoney" policy at Versailles. Mr. Baldn followed by paying our Allies' bts to America. Then Lord Balfour nerously relieved France and Italy the payment of all but a fraction of at they owed to us.

MR. CHURCHILL confirmed this transfer of foreign debt to the back of the British tax-payer. d so the jolly game went on.

So, when Mr. Snowden arrived at e Hague and announced in his most isive tones, "I have come to stop s plunder," there was a shriek of inmation and astonishment. Such leness! Such "brutality"! Oh! ese barbarous English, this nation of opkeepers, whose god is their pocket! But perhaps it was all a mistake. rhaps this terrible Mr. Snowden was only trying to become popular at home, and snatch the reins from Mr. MacDonald. Perhaps also he was only bluffing.

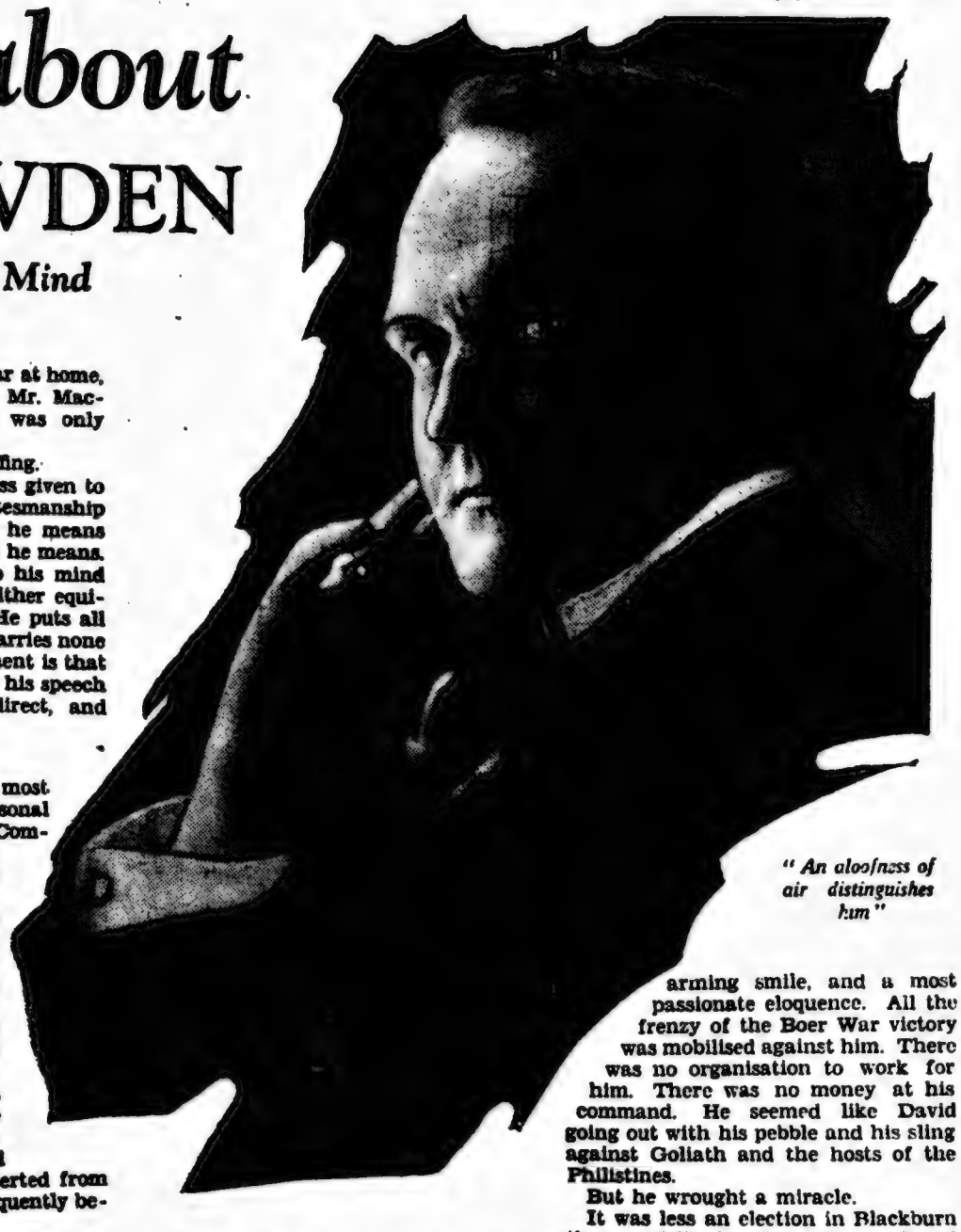
Mr. Snowden was not bluffing.

No one in public life is less given to that shady refuge of statesmanship than he is. He says what he means and never less or more than he means. And when he has made up his mind that a thing is right he neither equivocates nor compromises. He puts all his cards on the table and carries none up his sleeve. His temperament is that of his native Yorkshire, and his speech is Yorkshire, too—plain, direct, and incisive.

HE strikes perhaps the most individual and personal note in the House of Commons. There is about him a certain loneliness, and aloofness of air that distinguishes him from the mob of members. In part this is due to the accident that brought him into politics.

The influence of accident upon general affairs is a familiar theme. Sir William Robertson has told us that but for the fortunate fact that a comrade stole his trousers at a critical moment he would have deserted from the Army of which he subsequently became a Field-Marshal.

And it is pretty certain that but for a fall from a bicycle there would have been no drama at The Hague, and M. Briand and the rest would still be unaware of the existence of Philip Snowden. He would in all probability still be engaged in the Inland Revenue Service, looking forward to retirement and the modest pension that would now be nearly his due.



"An aloofness of air distinguishes him"

This bicycle accident, which seemed so fatal to his hopes, landed him in Downing Street and the seats of the mighty. It changed the whole course of his life.

For a year he lay on his bed with an injured spine; and in that ordeal of suffering he found himself. He emerged from it maimed indeed for life physically, but equipped mentally and spiritually by much reading and much thought for greater things than the Inland Revenue Service.

That preparation has brought him to the second highest office in the State and has made him in the last week or two a figure of European significance and, for the time being at least, the most popular man in Britain.

It has no doubt contributed also to that somewhat acid note which pervades his speech, and the aloofness of which I have already spoken. A life lived on broken wings is apt to grow impatient and resentful of its limitations.

I MUST confess that when I first knew Philip Snowden, thirty years ago, I did not cast his horoscope aright.

I knew that he was a man of the future; but I misjudged the shaping effect of time and experience. He came into Blackburn where I was then living in the midst of the "Khaki Election of 1902"—a lonely, unknown challenger of that Gibraltar of Conservatism.

That election was a double revelation to me. It was a revelation of the possibilities of the new Labour Party, then in its infancy. It was still more the revelation of the power of personality in politics.

Snowden came limping into the lists—a pallid, hatchet-faced young man seared with the brand of suffering and bitter thought, but with a wistful, disarming smile, and a most passionate eloquence. All the frenzy of the Boer War victory was mobilised against him. There was no organisation to work for him. There was no money at his command. He seemed like David going out with his pebble and his sling against Goliath and the hosts of the Philistines.

But he wrought a miracle.

It was less an election in Blackburn than a spiritual uprising that gathered momentum with every hour. He fought the battle absolutely alone and fought it with a dignity of spirit I have never seen surpassed.

"SNOWDEN is an Atheist" was chalked on a hundred walls. He ignored the slander. "Snowden was dismissed from the Excise" passed from lip to lip. Again he was silent.

I urged him to tell the facts, which were entirely honourable to him.

"No," he replied, "I have resolved to fight this battle on politics and not on personalities, and from that I will not move."

Within a fortnight, in spite of the war fever and the nests of wealth and influence and tradition against him, he had shaken the Gibraltar of Conservatism to its foundations. A little later he entered into possession.

But in those days, when I speculated on his future, it was as the Robespierre of a bloodless revolution that I thought of him. Time and the experience of public life and responsible office have corrected that anticipation.

He has seen the Party which he so largely created emerge from the street and market-place to sovereignty in the State; and his vision has enlarged with that sense of the power that it wields.

He is no longer the preacher of discontent, and though his faith in Socialism is still unchanged, he realises that the path to it is not through disruption, but through wise statesmanship and prudent administration.

Whether we share his views or not, we must all respect the inflexible honesty of his mind, his passion for justice, and the high courage with which he faces the great issues of life.

That courage has never been more conspicuous than in the episode at The Hague. It has changed the whole atmosphere of Europe, and changed it for the better.

"The ANGEL'S" GUESTS

THE "Angel of S.W.6," as we have told our readers, recently sent us £100 to distribute among poor families who needed, but could not afford, a holiday.

Twenty homes were chosen from ong many; and to each £5 was ted. Fifteen families have already e away for their first happy care- days for years. The remaining five soon be off.

his is how some of the "Angel's" sts are enjoying themselves.

boot repairer in a small way who not had a holiday for twelve years, whose wife and children had never the sea, writes from Barry: "To- we are enjoying the sands, glorious sh air and sea air. The children e had donkey rides, rides in a motor and spent a lot of time in the usement Park.' Thank you for proing such an excellent holiday."

father who, with five children and nding wife, exchanged their two e rooms at Hackney for the breezes Southend, writes: "We *are* having a time. The children look as if they been here for a month."

WIDOWER from a Midland manufacturing town chose a country ge for himself and his motherless ldren.

We are on the last day of our holi- we writes. "How fine, how lovely, e a change of air—to see the dif- nt parts of our country.

thank the donor of the £5. I uld have had my holiday at home, and the children. We never have had such a time. What £5 can do!"

A Peckham man, recovering from an accident, took his "missus" and two children to Herne Bay: "The weather is just lovely," he says. "I write to thank you for giving my family and myself this holiday, which we could not have had but for your kindness."

A mother from a crowded London S.W. district took her four children to Brighton.

"WE are all having a beautiful time," she writes joyfully.

"I have bought a china JOHN BULL vase, and that is to be my memento of the best holiday my little children and myself have had for so many years. Never shall I be able to thank you enough."

A Holborn wife, deserted by her husband, who works heroically for the maintenance of her two boys, wrote pathetically, "My means don't allow us to have a holiday at any time."

Because of the "Angel's" large heart, she was able to write from Southend: "I am writing to thank you for your gift, which enabled me and family to have our first holiday, and I can assure you we are all having a fine time."

Very sad were the disclosures made in all cases we selected. "We have never been anywhere since before the war" was the universal cry. And tears welled up in the eyes of mothers and children at the prospect of seeing what they had never seen:

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!"

FORCE OF HABIT—The Hustler:
"Packet of Player's, Please!"

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES **10** *for* **6d.** **20** *for* **11½d.** *Also* **5** *for* **3d.**

M.C.C.

£500 AWARDED in "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 24.

Correct solutions in the above Competition were received from the following nine competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £55 11s. 6d. will be despatched.

Mrs. M. Buck, 56, High St., Baldock, Herts.
W. J. Bull, 70, Miall Road, Lower Sydenham, S.E.26.
R. Cunningham, Denby, Huddersfield.
Mrs. L. Currier, 27, Havelock Road, Tyseley, Birmingham.
H. Hinchliffe, 8, Don Street, Penistone, Yorks.
Miss J. Moloney, 113, Old Park Avenue, Belfast.
S. E. Phillips, 4, Forster Road, Beckenham,
Capt. G. C. Rynd, 16, Northwick Terrace, London, N.W.8.
R. Williams, 61, Tir-penry Street, Morriston, Swansea.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 32.
TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

FREE ECZEMA CURE.

Instant Relief for all Skin Sufferers.

You can stop that awful itch from Eczema or other skin disease in just two seconds. This seems too good to be true, but it is true. A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will instantly stop the most terrible itch or skin irritation. This discovery of Dr. D. Dennis has become famous throughout the world as the most wonderful and reliable remedy for skin Diseases, for it sinks deep into the pores, kills the disease germs, washes them away, and leaves the skin clean and pure. D.D.D. Prescription Cures Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg, and all other Diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It never fails to give relief. Then why delay? A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO ALL SKIN SUFFERERS WHO WRITE TO THE D.D.D. LABORATORIES, M.N.24, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

COMPLEXION QUICKLY IMPROVED

Why not have a good complexion? Sallow skin, dull uninteresting eyes are the result of sluggish liver. Take one or two Carter's Little Liver Pills. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- pkge.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

A Ripe and Juicy Ramp

by
E. ROFFE THOMPSON

IT is perhaps just as well that the dairymen should have defied both the Food Council and the Board of Trade, and decided to stick to their plan of fleecing the consumer of an extra penny a quart for milk during August. It may make Mr. William Graham, President of the Board of Trade, seek for statutory powers to deal with profiteering, which at the moment he pathetically confesses he has not got.

Of course, it is always a mystery who gets the inflated profits that are undoubtedly being made from the sale of milk.

Sir William Price, head of the United Dairies, is the latest to protest complete innocence of any wish to make profits out of the public. To listen to him and all the rest of them you might think that retailers were a brotherly band of philanthropists.

"I cannot understand the Food Council," said Sir William. "Every reduction of the penny increase is passed on to the farmer. We gain no benefit."

I think Mr. Graham can be trusted to look into this matter the moment Parliament meets, but meanwhile, what is happening with milk and cream is a mere nothing to what is happening in the fruit and vegetable trades.

Sleepers awoke

Some time ago the Food Council woke up for a moment and decided to investigate the astonishing differences between the prices paid to the growers and the prices charged to the public. When it discovered that neither growers nor retailers wanted an enquiry, it tamely let the matter drop. Yet profiteering, and gross profiteering, was going on then, is going on to-day, and will continue to go on until either the public goes on strike (which is most unlikely) or the Government steps in, which is not outside the bounds of possibility.

Take black currants, for instance. In the last few weeks there has been a positive glut of this fruit. It has been so plentiful that people passing the growing districts could buy black currants from the cottagers at 2d. a pound.

But in the retail shops, in places as far apart as London and Gloucester, prices have ranged from 5d. to 8d. a pound. Even in the heart of the currant-growing districts the retailers have been charging 8d. a pound for fruit which the wholesaler sold to them at 3d.

It is the same no matter what commodity you touch. Potatoes sold by the Covent Garden wholesaler at 7s. a hundredweight, which is ¾d. a pound, are retailed to the public at 1½d. a pound. Cabbages which cost 2d. each wholesale mysteriously become 4d. and 5d. in the shops. Lettuces, the wholesale price of which is 1d., are sold to you and me at 4d., 5d., and even 6d.

No one can deny that cherries have been very plentiful this year. It is a mystery why English cherries which are sold wholesale at 4d. a pound cannot be retailed at less than 10d. and 1s. a pound. I have seen them in scores of shops at 1s. 6d., and even 1s. 10d.

The difference between 4d. and 1s. 6d. is not by any stretch of the imagination a reasonable profit.

In the case of English tomatoes, while the price hardly remunerated the grower at one end of the scale, at the other end retailers are charging the public something like 600 per cent. more than the man gets who grows the fruit.

The extraordinarily prolific summer through which we are passing has not benefited the long-suffering public one scrap.

Sir Reginald Coventry, K.C., Chairman of the Worcestershire Quarter Sessions, took occasion to draw attention to this matter a few weeks ago.

"The public," he said, "are paying through the nose for their fruit and vegetables, while the local market gardeners are getting no reward for working from sunrise to sunset. Some remedy should be found, for the public are getting no benefit from the low prices growers receive.

"The only remedy is public opinion. If people only knew what is going on, and the housewives knew at what price the unfortunate growers are selling their produce, they would refrain from giving the high prices retailers are charging in the shops."

He added pointedly that the housewife is hoodwinked, because the prices paid by the wholesale market profiteer to the luckless grower are "stated in denominations which the ordinary human being cannot understand."

As usual, nobody is to blame.

Covent Garden replied to Sir Reginald the very next day, and the wholesalers said that, "No matter what prices for fruit and vegetables are published, the actual profits remain the secret of the retail greengrocer."

Seaside thieves

All round the coast, at seaside resorts, retailers are at the present moment charging outrageous prices for fish, fruit and vegetables, brazenly taking out of the public's pockets what they think they can get, and caring nothing at all for what any ordinary man would describe as barefaced robbery.

There is no doubt something, although not very much, in what the Covent Garden wholesalers said. Their reply to Sir Reginald Coventry was, however, nothing more than a squirt of ink over the retailer to hide their own doings.

This is how an authority recently described the way wholesale and unblushing robbery is being perpetrated somewhere between Covent Garden and the shops. He calls the mass of people who batten on the fruit and vegetable trade "the serried ranks of middlemen, greater and lesser, which, like the parasites upon the fleas, take a heavy toll."

"First," he says, "comes that mighty potentate the commission buyer, who lives very well indeed upon the great losses which, time out of mind, he has solemnly assured Royal Commissioners and Departmental Committees he constantly sustains in his dealings with the public.

Six pickings

"He acts on behalf of a distant wholesaler, who in his turn sells to other wholesalers, who in their turn sell to local retailers, who supply the public."

What possible chance has the public against a system which permits as many as six or more middlemen each to take a nice picking before fruit and vegetables can get from the grower to the consumer?

When it comes to Empire grown fruit the scandal is even worse. To get it out of the clutches of broker, wholesaler and retailer into the basket of the British housewife it costs actually more than it does to grow, grade, pack and transport it thousands of miles by rail and steamship from the far-away Dominions to the United Kingdom.

Is it illegal?

Market profiteers and all the parasitical tribe of middlemen absorb the scandalous proportion of something like 90 per cent. of the price finally paid by the consumer.

Lord Linlithgow long ago called many of these methods illegal. Let Mr. Graham turn up his lordship's reports and refresh his memory. He will find plenty of reasons for speedy and drastic action.

The Human Machine

It's Catching!

WE should be very careful what we think. We should keep a strict watch on our moods. We should try deliberately to control the mental atmosphere we carry round with us.

Mental atmosphere is as catchy as measles. It is a pity we can't make gloom and pessimism notifiable diseases. They do just as much harm as scarlet fever.

The men and women who go about spreading depression, when they might just as well be radiating sunshine, deserve to be locked up: they are a positive danger to their fellows.

Every soldier knows how easy it is to communicate fear: he knows, too, how equally infectious courage can be.

Since we cannot help affecting everyone who comes into contact with us, we might just as well try to spread cheerfulness, optimism, and happiness.

If things are bad, what's the good of moaning and groaning? That way never improved anything. And the atmosphere that surrounds the moaner is not one that is likely to induce anyone to help him. Pessimism is always repellent. It's as ugly as a thundercloud. It surrounds people with an atmosphere that can be felt.

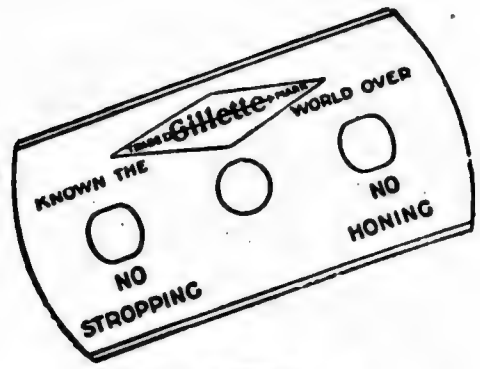
Optimism and cheerfulness can also be felt, and they are just as attractive as pessimism is unattractive. Since we have it in our power to cultivate what attitude we like, why not make a real endeavour to create the better atmosphere?

The pessimist has given up using his brains for creation. No man can create anything unless he looks forward, and you can't look forward if you allow depression to blacken the future.

We don't as a rule think enough of the effect we are having on other people. If we did, we should realise that gloom and depression are shockingly selfish.

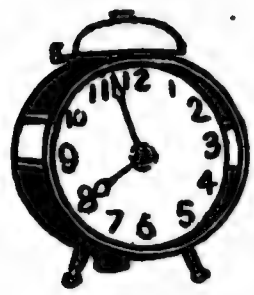
We have no right to make other people miserable when we can make them happy.

A sharper



for a better

in much less



Get a packet of

TRADE Gillette MARK

Sold Everywhere

BLADES

and prove it on your chin

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 184/188, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1.

The boys' golf championships are now being played

THAT OTHER BOGEY

The Man who Bunkers PEACE

Without Fear or Favour—
by the Editor

THE greatest war the world has ever seen has just started. It is no less than a battle for the minds and souls of the world's youth.

Lord Baden-Powell, closing the Jamboree at Arrowe Park, announced his intention of making the Scout Movement a deliberate weapon for the suppression of war.

Mussolini has announced, on the contrary, his determination to make his youth into efficient little soldiers.

There were no Italian Scouts at Arrowe Park. There are none in Italy. They have been absorbed into the Fascist machine, and by every possible means are being trained to regard militarism as a glorious ideal.

The importance of the vision Lord Baden-Powell gave to the world the other day cannot be exaggerated. Neither can the menace that the picture created by Mussolini offers.

It is becoming a sombre fact that whenever and wherever a movement is started in the world for relieving it of its fears and its burdens the shadow of Mussolini creeps over it like a threatening spectre.

It is Italy that is stubbornly recalcitrant at The Hague. It is Mussolini who laughs the Kellogg Pact to scorn while his delegate's signature is hardly dry on the parchment.

It is Mussolini who, while, the world over, far-visioned men are working to train the boys and youths for peace, is sneering at their efforts and ramming down the throats of Italian boys the most blatantly military set of "commandments" we have ever seen.

WE cannot, perhaps, afford to shout too loudly nor to proclaim our own pure-mindedness too vehemently. In his outspoken article on page 7 Mr. Laurence Housman lays bare the blot on our own country.

Authority is, as he says, much more concerned to train our youth for war than to encourage them to peace. It is no great credit to the country that is now supposedly trying to lead the world towards international friendship. But we can, perhaps, with reasonable sincerity thank God that we are not as Mussolini, and express our alarm that one man should so consistently behave as grit in the wheels whenever progress seems to be in sight.

These things may appear of little importance to the League of Nations. To our mind, the League might do worse than take note of them.

We live in times when the affairs of one nation are the concern of all. We cannot, any of us, afford to be either blind or deaf to Mussolini.

More than once in the last ten years the mere threat of economic pressure has induced stubborn members of the League of Nations to see reason when they were threatening to disturb the world's peace. We think it might be no bad thing to consider reading a similar lesson to Italy.

* * *

AS our readers well know, we have no time whatever for either international or industrial warfare. We look on them both as the last resort of bullying stupidity. They settle nothing, never have settled anything, and never will.

Late Again!

Half a million Lancashire cotton spinners and weavers were thrown out of work because the master spinners and manufacturers refused to sit round a table and talk things over. Disaster, on a world scale, happened in 1914 for pretty much the same reason.

In both cases the end was the same—a round-table conference to settle up the mess.

In both cases there was no reason why the conference should not have taken place at the beginning instead of the end.

In all disputes there must eventually be a settlement, and common-sense suggests that before, and not after, tempers and passions are aroused is the time to explore possibilities.

We are steadily moving towards that ideal, but we are not yet there, as the cotton dispute shows.

There is no reason that we can see why there should not be drawn up and signed an industrial "Kellogg Pact." It is long overdue.

WE cannot raise much enthusiasm for the Royal Commission into the Licensing Laws of England and Wales that has just been set up.

A lot of time is going to be wasted, a lot of public money is going to be spent, and the net result will probably be precisely nothing.

Who is Fuddled?

The drink question in this country is very largely solving itself. Excesses of such a nature as to constitute a social problem are almost a pre-war relic.

We may not be a temperance country, but we are certainly a temperate one.

Education, an improved standard of living, and, above all, a tremendously increased level of national self-respect are doing very effectively more than all the Prohibitionists could hope to do.

There is no great virtue and a good deal of danger in the continual reiteration of the parrot-cry, "Thou shalt not."

We have always held, anyway, that the drink problem is an effect and not a cause. A determined attack on slums and low wages would do more than all the Royal Commissions ever invented.

There is no drink problem where people are well housed, well fed and well clothed. Where people are happy already there is no temptation to seek a spurious substitute in a public-house.

IT is expected that the Drink Enquiry will take nearly three years. Before its labours are finished we could, if we really set about it, abolish slums and well-nigh transform the face of the country.

We could so reorganise industry and reform social life as to make millions happy who are now condemned to exist in squalor and misery beside which the public-house is a paradise of comfort.

We could, if we liked, do all that. If we did, the report of the Royal Commission would be so much wastepaper. The problem would have disappeared with the sweeping away of its causes.

SECRETS of GIRLS' BORS

First Exclusive

by a Woma Ex

The gateway through which the life sentence women enter. But they don't leave hope behind

husband brought "the other woman," her own sister, into the house as his wife.

In desperation, poor, tortured Mrs. Z took the lives of her babies and tried to take her own.

She served her weary years and returned to the world. Now she is the invaluable servant of a pro-

"In her sensible tailor-made suit, the sturdy figure of the governor . . ."

Two little Borstal girls—"tough propositions" tamed

Here is the back of this once grim prison

Sir E. Ruggles-Brise, a pioneer of humane prisons for women and girls. Beside him a Borstal girl gazes out through the bars

IMAGINE a small, square room, rather curious and rather sinister in its equipment, with a heavy door and a small window. The walls are of leather; curious walls, very sturdy and heavily upholstered. They look as if you could not damage them, that they would "last for ever."

In this small room one is shown a stout jacket that seems to be made of canvas, fool-proof as regards fastenings and clasps. It, too, looks as if it would defy time and strength.

The floor is different from other floors, heavily upholstered. Such is the padded cell in a famous "short sentence" prison for women.

"We hate having to use this," says the woman officer; "and we don't often have to do so."

Our prisons for women of all types—girls, "short sentence" prisoners and long sentence convicts—are changing these days. And, having followed any of the notorious cases in which of late women have been concerned, it is extremely interesting to see in detail the conditions under which these women are now living as "His Majesty's guests."

One sunny morning recently I was standing in a pleasant garden talking with a murderess. Our subject was pedigree rabbits, and the scene was laid in the transformed exercise yard in the convict prison at Aylesbury—the only prison in Britain that can boast a woman governor.

Murderess' rabbits

"You are just in time to see Miss X's rabbits," was the governor's greeting to me; and, nothing loath, but a little puzzled, I followed her into what I recognised as a paved yard of the old-type prison.

Miss X keeps her rabbits in one corner of it, and, as she and the governor and I stood chatting in the sunshine, it was difficult to realise that this thin wisp of a woman was serving a life sentence for a particularly dreadful double murder and a very nearly successful suicide as well.

They brought her back from the jaws of death only to condemn her to death in another form. Then they commuted her sentence to imprisonment for life.

This tragic woman petitioned that the death sentence might be carried out, and when she arrived here was sunk in the deepest melancholia.

* * *

It is interesting to examine—as I have been allowed to do by the courtesy of the Prison Commissioners—every detail of this walled-in world of criminal women.

There are here eight life sentence prisoners. These I first met at their mid-day dinner, as they sat around a table in a pleasant room, furnished rather as one might expect a servants' hall to be.

They have their cells in the prison building, which is constructed after the usual manner of such places, cross-shaped with radiating tiers of cells, all steel and wire netting to look at, efficient and clean.

At first glance it chills you. Then you see the marks of the modern régime—pictures and flowers everywhere. Later you are shown some of the cells, with their homely beds, each with its "home-spun" coloured coverlet.

By each bedside stands an "occasional table" covered with an array of personal photographs, and the usual articles of toilet.

Each cell is as neat and clean as a new pin, but it is shut in by a heavy door, with its peep-hole; and outside hang the prisoner's identification details beside the bell sign that will call the officer on duty if she be needed.

Weary stripes

Behind the door—pathetic and human touch—hangs a dress of the occupant. The officer who shows you round translates the insignia on the left arm of the khaki frock. A red star means a star class prisoner, and an arrangement of stripes indicates how long she has been "in residence."

* * *

I stood again in the transformed exercise yard—where Miss X keeps her rabbits—and heard those stories of prisoners that hardly bear re-telling. A convict picked a sprig of rosemary for me and I put it in my button-hole.

* * *

Some will stay here for a life sentence, which may be round about fifteen years or so, and then emerge into the world and—make good!

Here is the story of one who did. Mrs. Z had, apparently, been happily married until her fessional woman, showing all the loyalty, efficiency and tact and consideration that, years ago, were suddenly brought to nothing by the tragedy.

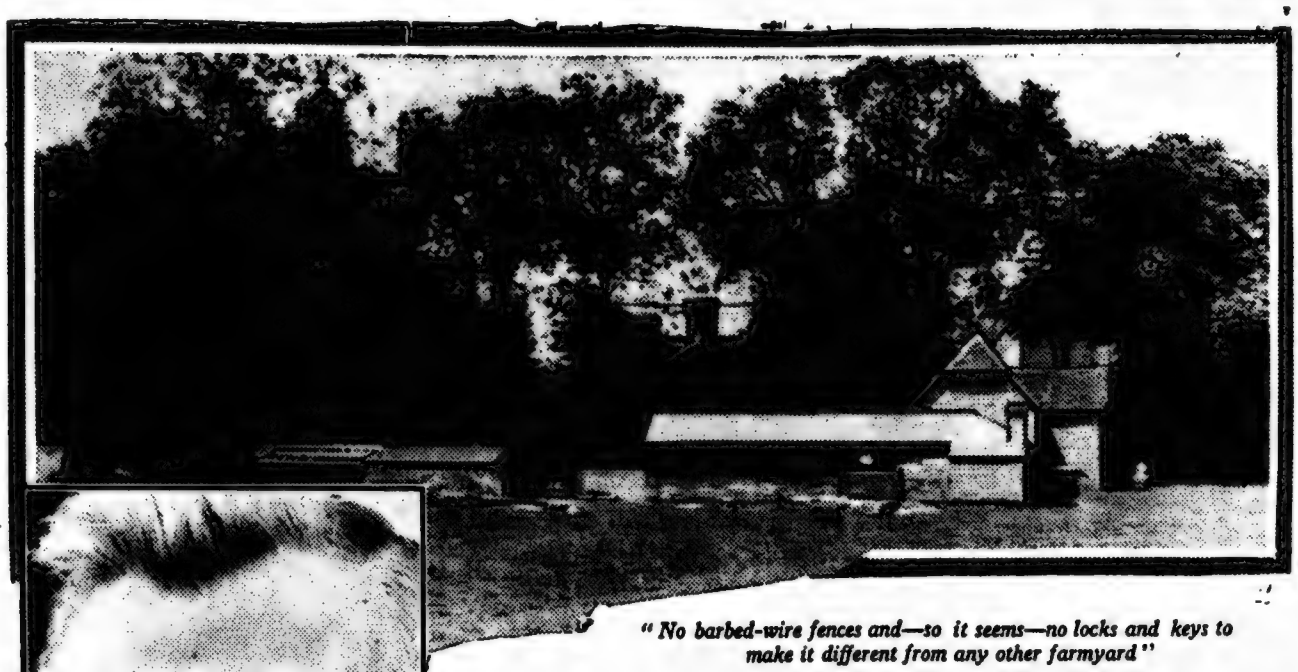
* * *

Having seen the prisoners' quarters, I was shown the infirmary wing, but not before I had asked the question that is inevitable in women's prisons: "What about those poor women who come in here suffering from a certain terrible disease?"

...f the ...S' ...RSTAL

...ive Story

... Expert



"No barbed-wire fences and—so it seems—no locks and keys to make it different from any other farmyard"

"We treat them separately, of course," replied Miss Barker, the governor, "but we do not allow any 'superiority' on the part of the others who have not the disease. . . ."

A human note which shows that the prisoners learn something more than handicrafts and working at Aylesbury.

* * *

And the babies of this strange official home?

For there are a number of babies born in women's prisons, both long-sentence prisons like Aylesbury, and short-sentence prisons like Holloway.

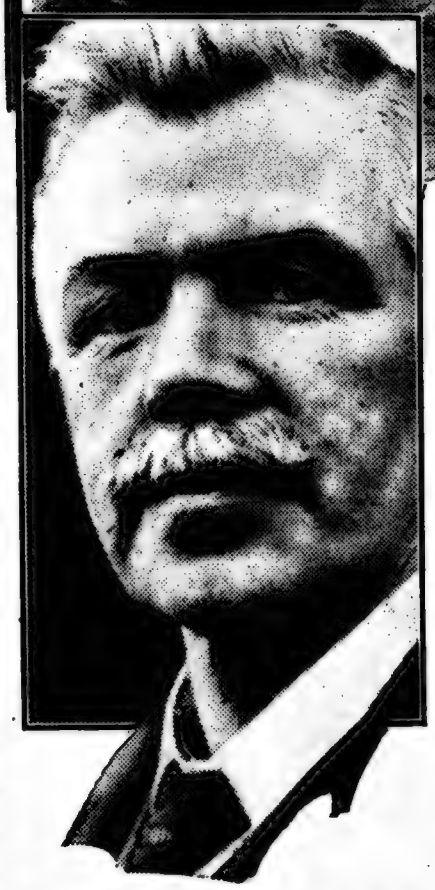
Along the steel scaffolding corridors of Aylesbury we went until we came to the infirmary section, where the cell doors stood wide open in many cases.

"Who is the most spoiled girl in the whole institution?" demanded Miss Barker, cheerfully, as we went into one cell and saw, standing by her bed, a thin, pale girl who still seemed to see Death stand waiting at her elbow.

"*Me*, madam!" came the prompt answer.

And seeing the flowers and the oranges by the bedside, the radio earphones at the head of the bed, I almost believed it.

On the bed lay the cause of the trouble, a small girl of some four months, clad in blue woollies, which the young mother proudly exhibited as her own handiwork. The little girl's birth had nearly been her mother's death; and now this child is all she lives for.



Mr. Clynes, Home Secretary, carries on Lord "Jix's" great work as an enlightened prison administrator

We visited four or five sturdy babies and almost equally sturdy mothers. I noticed that in any case of illness the cell door was always left unlocked by the officer in charge.

From the window of one cell I was invited by a prisoner to look out at the babies' garden, where, "parked" in prams or the babies' pen, these youngsters may have a fair start in health.

Here, I think one may say, thankfully, "Mother and child are both doing well."

"Bad hats"

Murderesses, thieves, and every other type of criminal are gathered here under the rule of this progressive woman, with an international reputation for common-sense administration.

She rules over others besides these elder women. There is, in the same group of buildings, but entirely separated from the convict side, the only Borstal institution for girls in Britain.

Who are the girls who are sent to Borstal for treatment? They are the "tough lots," the real "bad hats," and the unhappy square pegs who fit in the social machinery nowhere at all.

They are the girls whom all other treatment has failed to help, and who are sent to this woman-governor at Aylesbury as a last resort. Of these, 60 per cent. or more are cured, whilst of the remainder about a third are failures in the end!

Up to sixteen these girls may have had many chances in the children's courts, and from sixteen to twenty-one in the adult courts. They have been placed "on probation," they have received short sentences as "young prisoners"; they have been sent to industrial schools, and to reformatories. Only when all other treatment fails do magistrates send them to Miss Barker and Aylesbury.

* * *

The Borstal institution is housed in a building which was once a place of detention for inebriates. Now clean, bright cream and green paint, common-sense and a little ingenuity have transformed it into a pleasant building for some seventy to eighty girls.

Where once there were "cells," there are now bedrooms that compare well with the dormitories and studies of the schools for which we pay high fees in the world "outside."

Here, in the farms and gardens, in the library, the kitchen, the dairy, the laundry and the gym. room, these naughtiest girls of all, who have never learnt to play fair, are taught that fair play is good fun and that fair play pays.

Official "uplift"

It is absorbing to go round the institution with Miss Barker, if only to correct one's own ideas of official "uplift," and to get rid of the ideas of extremes of sentimentality and savagery that are still common about lawbreakers.

In her sensible tailor-made suit, the sturdy figure of the governor goes her round, followed by one or two women officers. With a vigorous informality she greets every girl by name, and she is greeted in return by these young sparks of seventeen or eighteen as they go about their jobs, almost always with cheerful grins and a bright "Hello, madam!"

These girls, mainly guilty of petty thefts and similar crimes carried out with persistence, are here given an entirely new start. The "crimes" that brought them here are never referred to, unless they themselves, by their conduct, make it necessary. Now for the first time in a drab, sordid or merely silly life, a girl works for someone who is quite amazingly pleased if she works—and plays—well.

Take, for instance, the probable experiences of a young woman—the last of the imitators of "Colonel Barker"—who has just been committed to Borstal for the usual term of three years.

She may, like some of them, be sulky, troublesome and unhappy on arrival. But the system of rewards rather than punishments will soon win its way, together with the weight of the "public opinion" of the institution, which does not encourage law-breakers who defy the regulations.

Not a cell

She will be given a little room—not a cell—in a bright green and cream corridor. Here she may have her personal possessions; and soon she will get to take a tremendous pride in their arrangement. Perhaps she has never had a room all to herself before.

After a time, like the rest of them, she will take such a pride in her "parquet" floor, for instance, that, quite involuntarily, she will cry out to the governor, as that lady's serviceable shoes make track across her brilliant polish, "Oh, please, madam, come off my lovely floor!"

* * *

Each girl works in turn in the laundry, dairy, kitchen, sewing-room and the garden. Volunteers only work on the farm.

Imagine the usual scene in the farmyard. No barbed wire fences and—so it seems—no locks and keys to make it different from any other farmyard. The governor stands by, watching and applauding whilst some girl out in the field is excitedly chasing home a litter of baby pigs.

The wide acres of Bucks stretch all around; and the town-bred girl whom I was watching out in these fields not so many days ago was brown and healthy and happy for perhaps the first time in her life. She wore the khaki overalls, and leggings of the farm "squad," and the red dress collar that denotes the highest and most trusted class of inmate.

Tolerance wins

But life, of course, is not all sunny smiles for these girls. There are cases where, even after the first bad days, daylight is long in breaking!

Punishment takes the form of loss of privilege, and "public opinion" among the girls is against this. But the officials truly say that the outside world from which these girls have come is less tolerant and understanding than they have come to be "inside" the walls.

There's a world of *real enjoyment* in smoking if you smoke the right smoke!

Manikins are the real thing—the last word in smokes. Their flavour suits me and what is more to the point in these hard times *the price suits my pocket.*

Fragrant, Nutty, Satisfying from light-up to finish—yet mild as a May morning.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

THE PEARL

A Tale of the North-West Coast of Australia

". . . there, all wrapped up in layers o' raw cotton, . . . was a pearl"

THERE is a pearling station on the north-west coast of Australia which is said to be famous for three things apart from pearls: these being—sin, sand and sore eyes.

It was in this north-west Australian port that George, the one-armed half-caste—who told me this tale—owned the finest drinking saloon and billiard parlour in the whole place, with just enough frowsy little boxes of bedrooms, many of them with no outside window, to allow of it passing for an hotel.

Not that he cared whether his patrons were or were not contented.

"Let 'em complain, come or not come, take it or leave it. What's their beastly money ter me; ain't I got money enough o' my own? If I keep a place I keep it 'cause I've a fancy ter show them there sand louse what a proper kept, slap-up place can be, for my own pleasure, an' not ter please 'em."

Oh, yes, he had money. There was no doubt about that. When a common drunk shot all the billiard-room mirrors to pieces one night—one of them ten feet by six—he had them replaced by others even finer, all the way from Sydney, as soon as they could be procured.

George was good to me—respectful, kind, courteous. When I went down with fever, especially, there was nothing he would not do for me. One night when I could not sleep he saw the light burning in my room, and went off to the kitchen—and it was close upon three o'clock—made up the fire himself, boiled the water and brought tea.

Again and again I had wondered, speaking of him to the other men, as to how he got his money, and the answer was always the same, "A pearl" or "Pearls." How did he lose his arm? "Well, I heard tell as how it was a shark." All alike casually enough. For people in those parts have their own lying awake at night to do, leave their neighbours pretty well alone.

It was the night he made me the ten that George himself told me the tale.

"Seems true wot they says, as a chap's allus gotton ter pay some way or other," he said, and something in the tone of his voice told me that he was on the edge of a confidence.

"How did you come to lose your arm, eh, George?"

"You never heard?" he went on at last. "It was afore I bought this place. I couldn't a' done it afore; 'cause why—I had no money." Again he hesitated, then added: "Afore I lost my hand an' forearm."

Stupidly enough, I thought of compensation of some sort, forgetting where I was, the casualness of everything. But he soon cleared my mind of that, for who on earth could sue a shark for damages? And the other men had been right, for "A shark took it off me" was what he said next; then added, queerly enough, "an' more, too," and chuckled, "a darned sight more," rolling a quid and fixing it in his cheek.

The next thing he said was: "I don't say to you don't you tell no one what I'm goin' ter tell you, 'cause you're a lady. An' I know a lady when I see one, if I don't know much else."

And at this I screwed up the one lumpy pillow tight between the iron rail of my bed and my backbone and poured myself out another cup of tea, for I knew that I was getting at it.

"I was out with a pearling outfit, the *Ocean Queen*," went on George, "three-masted schooner with auxiliary steam. There was three other white blokes aside myself—the Old Man the First, an' a chap as reckoned on himself as a pearl expert and owned the outfit. Likeways there was a Russian as was by way o' bein' an engineer, but I'm not counting him.

"We did a bit o' shallow pearling—not much. Mostly we bought pearls off the natives, running up among the New Guinea islands. Times we bought oysters an' let 'em rot on deck. Stink? You bet we stank ter heaven an' no mistake about that.

"WELL, we got a plenty o' pearls, but nothing what yer might call first rate—the time's gone when you could get a fine pearl off them fuzzy heads for a cake o' tobacco—an' they were all a bit off colour, or the shape all wrong, or summut o' that sort.

"But at last a chap with his face all painted across an' across with white bars came aboard with a little parcel done up in a scrap of banana leaf and tied with a bit o' fibre, with a loop to it hung on the end of a stick, what he carried over one shoulder—might 'a been a cream cheese by the look of it.

ELINOR MORDAUNT

Retells the Real Life Story of George, the One-Armed Half-caste

"It was close ter sundown, the sky all flaming red, an' the boat was fair swarmin' over with them there fuzzy heads; all along the taffrail and up the rigging—like that there black figuring they made in writing music—against that hell o' a sky.

"They allus come along like that towards evening with bananas, an' pigeons they'd shot, an' yams an' pearls an' such like. We had to put up with 'em, partly a'cause o' what they had to sell, an' partly a'cause them chaps is likely ter turn nasty when a chap crosses 'em.

"Well, this 'ere feller squats down on deck, with his knees crooked out, an' unfastened his packet a'tween 'em. An' there all wrapped up in layers an' layers o' raw cotton out o' the pod was a pearl—an' my God, take it from me, marm, it was a whopper. Perfect, as perfect, shape an' size, every darned thing about it; never saw nothing like it.

"NO one said much; 'cause why?—no one does say much when they're after buyin' cheap from natives. But I was standin' by an' I could feel a sorter shudder, as though they'd touched an electric iron, go through the captain, that there owner and the mate. Well, they gave the native chap a bottle o' whisky, an' off he went, pleased as Punch.

"At that time I was sorter obligin' as steward, them being short handed, an' when I took in supper, there they were, the three o' 'em, bent over the pearl under the light o' the hanging lamp.

"The Russian weren't not there. Fur though he stuck out as he was white, an' it were the dirt o' the engine made him look the way he did, they wouldn't not have 'im eat with them. An' anyway, them there Russians an' Prussians—it seems ter me as there's not much to choose between 'em. There's another sort as trades in silk beginning with a P."

"Persians?" I suggested.

"Yep—all the same I reckon, if you come down to brass tacks. Anyways—— But maybe as how you want ter go to sleep, marm."

"No, no; go on."

"Well, they stops talking when I comes in. An' when I says: 'Supper's served, gentlemen,' just for all the world as though I was a real steward—as though they couldn't smell the onions an' the steak was a bit off—they sit down an' begin ter eat. An' the old man says as how I can fetch out, an' I fetched.

"AN hour later we got up steam and left. Next morning we dropped anchor outside o' a little island as is the first an' last stoppin' place o any sorter steamer, with the only bank an' cable station and store north o' Port Moresby.

"Well, the blokes were all getting ready ter go ashore, an' me running with their fresh ironed togs, when that there owner chap lets out such a blast o' shrieks as never was from outer his cabin. An' when we all ran, there he was looking fit ter bust 'iself, everything in the cabin turned upside down, the mattress off the cot on the floor an' all, and him yellin' as how his pearl had been stolen from him in the night.

"'You darned fool, you,' said the Old Man, polite like that, seein' as how he was speaking to the owner of the boat, 'what's stung you now? Ain't I got the little box as you put the pearl in safe in my safe, an' you yourself with the key of the box?

"He ran an' opened the safe an' took out the little iron box as they kept the pearls in. An' then the owner confessed—pretty shame-faced. He hadn't put that there pearl in the box at all when he locked it and gave it back. Nice for the Old Man, wasn't it, an' him with the only key to the safe? Shows what blokes like that think o' each other. If it had been the poor devil o' a steward, eh?"

George rubbed his stump reflectively, and I saw him smile in the moonlight. "Kept it hid in the palm o' his hand, he did; an' then when he was alone tied it up in the corner o' his handkerchief an' put it under his pillow.

"Well, there it was,' or rather there it was not, an' I can tell yer the skipper were purple in the face.

"'If you weren't the owner o' this 'ere tinpot outfit, I'd tell you the sort o' something . . . sorter a louse as you are,' he says.

"All the same, there was only one duty for him, an' he whistled up all the crew ter search 'em. I didn't reckon as I was liable. But weren't never one ter make trouble, an' I lined up with the others, near to the breeak o' the poop—for there's poop decks and fo'c'sle heads on many o' them there Pacific schooners, as you know, marm.

"I was wearin' boots, an' there was a settin' in fur rain, an' I'd a corn as was hurtin' me, so I set myself up on the rail—a little way off from there niggers, as you, being the lady that you are, will understand.

"No words I said, just ter let 'em see as how I was different. . . . An' somehow or other, I'm sure I don't rightly know how it happened. . . . But there, I'm keeping you awake for nothing, an' you all worn out with fever and perishin' for sleep."

HE made a feint of moving. I knew it meant nothing. But, all strung up as I was, I rose to the bait: "No, no; go on. What happened?"

"Well, you know, or maybe you don't know, for what are you to know o' the evil as exists, a lady like you." I wondered what was coming. It fell sort of flat, however, with: "But I tell yer, the water there's just thick with sharks.

"You could see their bellies—s'cuse me, marm, stomachs—all shining, thick an' slick an' white as the electric plate

Next week: A true story of the "Lusitania's" last complete voyage

"The Gambler"

by

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

spoons an' forks in a millionaire's chiffonier drawer.

"As I say, I don't know how it happened, it may have been the heave o' the sea turned me dizzy, or what not. But there you are. All o' a sudden I toppled off that there rail an' down in among them all. I thrust out me left hand—which you can't not see because it ain't not 'ere." He raised his stump in the moonlight. "I thrust it out ter swim, an' a shark got it; clear, marm, he got it; nipped it off at the elbow there, as though it 'ud been a spring onion. Paid for it though he did, for as I struck the water I'd out of my belt with my right hand, an' as he got me I got 'im, in a matter o' speaking."

With the true raconteur's love of effect, George hesitated there, drew his hand across his mouth, and added: "It's the truth I'm telling you."

"Yes, I know that. I've heard that before."

"Well, you've not heard all, marm, not by a long chalk neither. I tell you, marm, pretty well up to my elbow the knife an' hand went in. The water was all red in the sunrise what with the shark's blood, an' my blood where they throwed a rope, an' dragged me up.

"Though I must say as they behaved pretty decent then: put off a boat, they did, an' took me to the hospital right away. An' in a sorter way they was ter blame. If they hadn't started that there rumpus about the pearl, maybe I wouldn't a-fallen in, an' had all that trouble, eh, marm?"

He turned his head and looked at me. I was almost sure that he winked; sure that there was some point that I ought to have got and hadn't. I was still puzzling over it when he went on.

"THE doctors an' nurse got the stump all tied up—what with the salt water an' bleeding, it was clean enough, an' there weren't no sorter manicuring ter bother over with my clenched hand inside o' that there shark, was there now?"

Again he winked, and still I did not get it. "All the same, the hospital blokes thought it best ter keep me handy—cause o' blood poisoning. Not that I wanted ter go back ter the schooner with the police aboard an' all. I was never one for getting mixed up in trouble or disagreeableness o' no sort."

"Did they ever get the pearl?" I asked stupidly, and George stared.

"Bless your soul, no." He spat clear across the verandah, then began to raise himself, pushing himself up between the two lintels of the door, for he was a stout man and not easy to move; apart from that, he seemed to be shaking with what must have been laughter.

"No, no, marm—they didn't never find it," he repeated when he was at last upright. And tiptoeing into my room, he snuffed the candle between his finger and thumb, and picked up the tea things.

He was almost out of the door when he spoke again. "They didn't find it a'cause it were tight inside of my hand. The only mistake I made was in thrusting it too forward, so ter speak."

"But how—what do you mean?" I was taut with excitement.

"Well, marm, if yer stick a bit o' meat in the face o' a hungry dog he'll snap at it. An' it were the same, an' ter be counted on likeways, with that there shark. . . . But I hadn't counted on him gettin' my arm, too. No, marm, I hadn't not counted on that."

"You mean—you mean——?" I was incredulous. "You did it on purpose?"

"I knew the set o' the stream, an' I knew the way as the dead shark would drift in. I'd a pal ashore, an' when they carried me off to the hospital I had a word with him. A native chap he was—thought I wanted a pair o' shark-skin shoes outer a shark o' my own killin', an' pulled it up for me: hid it in the scrub for me for a sovereign. Good pay, too.

"It was a week afore I was strong enough ter go out an' cut it up, though. An' talk o' stink!—— But, there marm, I ain't lettin' you get no sleep—but I thought, seein' as how we was friends, I'd tell you how I came to have this here little crib."

"The pearl——?"

"A lovely pearl. A chap as bought it off me over in Brisbane reckoned he'd never seen a finer."

• • •

"THE way as old George got his money?" He never told, but I was told later on. And why hadn't they mentioned it before? Why? Because they never thought of it. Why? "Oh, because everyone knows the trick. It's been done afore. There's nothing in it."

"To fall overboard deliberately, thrust his hand at a shark, with the pearl in his fist——?"

"Well, there's nothing a bloke won't stick at in stealin' pearls. The black fellows wedge 'em between their toes. There was a fellow as I knew of——"

But that's another tale. That mightn't be true, and this is.

Bobbie says..

Breakfast Bread needs 'Golden Shred'

The Easily Digested Marmalade

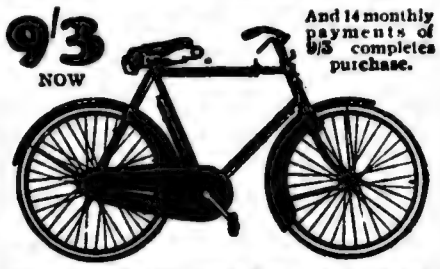
ROBERTSON—only maker

N8.

SELFRIDGE'S BICYCLE BARGAIN

9/3 NOW

And 14 monthly payments of 9/3 completes purchase.



This wonderful 1929 Model is an entirely British product—every component part is British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished and of the very latest design. Satisfaction is assured.

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.	STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED.
DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.	OILBATH GEAR CASE.
RENOLD Half-inch PITCH CHAIN.	VALANCED MUDGUARDS.

CASH PRICE £5.19.6 GUARANTEED 50 YEARS.

Send at once for Illustrated List.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., LONDON.

TO MAKE A PERFECT CUSTARD

the exact quantity of Foster Clark's CREAM Custard must be used. A 4½d. carton contains six and an 8½d. carton twelve separate pints. Using the exact quantity makes a perfect Custard. Also sold in 10½d. Family tins and 1½d. Quart Packets.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

REASONS WHY I AM KNOWN AS
"BIG VALUE BLANFORD"
REASON No. 2.

WONDERFUL VALUE

LADIES' COAT FROCK
IN GOOD QUALITY REPS
FOR 1/- DOWN

DEAR MADAM,

There are Rep Frocks and Rep Frocks, but I am positive that these I am offering to-day are unequalled in value.

They are made of fine heavy all wool Rep, beautifully tailored and trimmed with Calais lace collar and cuffs, Radiobeam fronts with diamante buttons. A real West-End model, with pleated skirt, made in my own workrooms, studied in every detail and design by experts. Can be worn with or without lace collar and cuffs. In shades of Navy, Lido, Cedar, New Cocoa, New Beige, Almond Green and Black.

I am sure that if you send for this Frock you will be more than satisfied; it is worth double the price I am asking. Price 25/11d. and 4/6 extra for O.S. Send me 1/- (no further payment until you have had the frock one month) and agree to pay me 4/- per month, also let me know your bust measure, length and colour required.

Yours truly,

John Blanford

PRICE 25/11

John Blanford

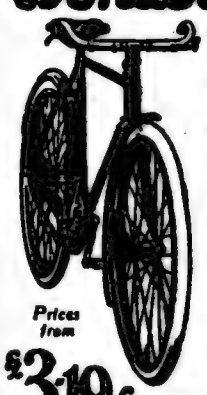
Dept. J.B.V., 119-129, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1

MY SIGNATURE YOUR SAFEGUARD

How to Remove Unwanted Hair

Do away with old-fashioned methods. When you cut hair it is like trimming a hedge; you simply make it grow faster and thicker just as the hair on a youth's face quickly turns into a coarse and bristly beard. Thousands are finding Veet offers the ideal method for keeping the arms and limbs free from unsightly hair. You spread on this perfumed velvety cream as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money back. 1/6 and 3/- everywhere. *Veet is a British Product of British Quality. Beware of Cheap Foreign Imitations*

Wonderful Value



The All-British "MARVEL" is recognised everywhere as the world's biggest cycle bargain. First-class materials, workmanship and finish. Hard-wearing, light and easy-running. Fully warranted. Cash or easy terms from

2/6 DOWN

Sent packed free and carriage paid. Money refunded in full if not absolutely satisfied. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue of 29 new models, and particulars of 15 Days Free Trial.

Prices from £3 19s 6 CASH

Mead

Dept. B749, BIRMINGHAM.

LIVING SPARE PARTS for the Human Body

"... Brilliant scientists are working with confidence"

WILL science succeed in extending our normal life-span to a hundred years?

In magnificently equipped laboratories, in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York, a small company of the world's most brilliant scientists are working with confidence towards this wondrous end.

They say, in effect: "We can thrust back death only by understanding life." In other words, by understanding what makes the human machine go, it may be possible to keep it in action by the process of supplying the perfect fuel and by replacing outworn parts.

In a laboratory in the great Rockefeller Foundation Building, New York, Dr. Alexis Carrel, armed with the last word in scientific apparatus, and subsidised in his task by the aged Oil King, is nearing his goal—the prolongation of human life to the century mark.

Domed forehead

A stockily built man, with a high-domed head and penetrating eyes that shine behind rimless glasses, this miracle-worker of the twentieth century has already achieved things that have made the scientific world gasp.

What makes the cells that are the bricks of the body live? Find that out and the next step is to see that the cells have the conditions necessary for life.

Such is the stupendous problem, simply stated.

The first striking fact that emerged from years of experimental work was that when death takes place the body does not die. It is like a machine that has stopped going.

The heart has ceased to beat; yet it lives—lives until the processes of decay set in.

Dr. Carrel has found that a heart may be taken from the dead, given suitable surroundings, and thereafter induced to beat—not merely for a few hours, but indefinitely, week after week, month after month.

Death, then, in the vast majority of cases is the terrible penalty paid by the body-machine for the breakdown of one of its parts.

Immortal cells

The cells of the body, says this wizard, are in themselves immortal. But with age the body produces poisons, which destroy the cells' vitality.

The decrepit are merely the victims of their own poisons, which are gradually killing their cells.

To prove this theory, Dr. Carrel took living cells from an aged man. Seen under the microscope they were devitalised and failing. He placed them in a suitable saline solution and, behold! they took hold upon life once more and became rejuvenated.

Much has been said of rejuvenation by means of gland grafting operations. Those who are working to find the basis of prolonged youth and vitality are taking another road.

Their problem comes down to the discovery of a substance to neutralise the devouring poisons which attack the cells of the body.

But there remains another problem.

The case of those people who have one utterly useless organ that cannot be restored by artificial means because its cells are irreparably damaged.

How can science help such people to ward off death, and prolong their span of years?

By substituting a new organ. That, and nothing less, is their objective—human spare parts for old, diseased and worn-out ones.

The ways of research workers are unlike those of other men. They take the long road of enquiry with a patience almost super-human. And so, in this matter, one finds that the first subjects of their experiments have been, not men, but insects.

In Vienna, at the Academy of Sciences, amazing work is being done on these lines; and the results that have been authenticated upset much of our former conception of the character of life itself and of sex.

Are the parts of any organic creature interchangeable? These Viennese scientists decided to try for an answer with a small insect called *dysticus* and another called *hydrophilus*.

A specimen of each of these insects was decapitated, and their heads were swiftly exchanged. Neither creature died. Both lived; both underwent uncanny changes.

It was found that the head decided the characteristics of the body. Set on its new body, to which it readily adhered, it changed the character of that body.

In a month the heads had converted their new bodies to the likeness of their original ones.

The same experiment was carried out with insects of the same kind, but of different sexes. It was then found that the male head proceeded to form a male body, and vice versa.

Criminal's liver

Recently, at Lyons, in France, a much more daring experiment was carried out. Two scientists obtained permission to conduct an audacious operation upon a criminal after execution and a living patient.

The liver of the dead man was transferred to the living patient, whose liver was beyond repair. The experiment has been reported from France as successful, though British workers remain sceptical.

But the fact that some organs can be transferred is beyond dispute. And the day may come when even eyesight may be restored.

Recently, in the University of Geneva, Professor E. Guyenot, a world-famous Swiss scientist, has succeeded in grafting the eyes of one insect upon another, with complete success.

Why not take the eyes of the dead and graft them upon the living? There are many difficulties, but they will be overcome. To graft the eye is comparatively easy; but to graft the optic nerve—there is not yet any known method of doing that.

Ward off death

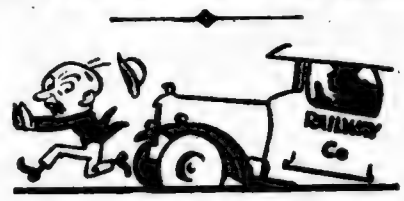
How do all these experiments lead up to the fulfilment of the prophecy made the other day by Sir Oliver Lodge, when he said: "When conditions are improved just a little more there will be no reason why anybody should die before he has scored a century."

The mechanic learns how to keep his car running by a thorough understanding of its component parts, and the ideal fuel on which to run it.

So, too, these scientists are discovering, one by one, the enemies of those cells that are well-nigh immortal; and in the same way they are approaching the stage where it will be practicable to bestow upon the damaged body-engine a new spare part and thus ward off death.

And when success crowns their work we shall all become centenarians.

That will not be in our time, perhaps, but that it will come is as sure as was the coming of flying five hundred years ago, when Leonardo da Vinci prophesied it and was jeered at for his sublime audacity.



Let nothing stand in the way

of your getting "The JOHN BULL SUMMER ANNUAL" before they are all gone.

Push on to the nearest newsagent—he may have a copy left if you are lucky.

Sixty-eight pages for sixpence—a hundred extra smiles for your holiday—stories stranger than fiction—jokes funnier than truth. Get a move on!

Keep them fit!

YOU'LL never have much trouble with your kiddies if you let them have plenty of healthy exercise in the open air, and give them always pure, wholesome, *natural* food. These are the safe, sane and simple rules that lead to sturdy manhood and womanhood.

And on the list of daily dishes for your children you can give first place to Shredded Wheat, as thousands of other wise mothers have done for years past—much to their own satisfaction, and greatly to the benefit of the youngsters.

For Shredded Wheat is Nature's own product at its best—crisp, golden biscuits of pure wheat—with nothing added and nothing taken away. All the essential vitamins and mineral salts are there, to guard young health and build sturdy bodies. And Shredded Wheat is economical—eightpence for a big packet—and easy to serve. Just add a little milk, and, if you wish, a little sugar. The kiddies will love it—get a packet to-day and see how they enjoy it.

SHREDDED WHEAT

100% FOOD

EIGHTPENCE
A BIG PACKET
(U.K. Price only).

SHREDDED WHEAT JUG FREE. Beautifully designed in Blue and White and absolutely free from advertising matter. To secure one cut out the "dish" from the ends of "Shredded Wheat" cartons and send 50 of these together with your name and address. THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Ltd. (Dept. 26), Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

If you have not yet tried Shredded Wheat, send your name and address on a post card and a trial packet will gladly be sent. Address above.

It's only likely that Nestle's who are known for the creamiest milk, should make the creamiest milk chocolate. They do—and you can prove it for yourself. The ½ lb block will prove it for you—or the Croquettes—or the nimble Napolitains you see here—handy size pieces, daintily wrapped, easy to pass round, easy to eat.

NESTLÉ'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
NAPOLITAINS

Some people prefer the ½lb. BLOCK made of the same delicious choc — 1/-

Our portrait is of Mrs. M. Tate, of 8, Latimer Street, Southampton, who writes:—

"Two years ago I scratched my leg where I have some bad varicose veins, and soon the sore place turned into an ulcer. I tried doctors' treatments but with no good result. For six months I went to the hospital, and even then my leg did not seem to be any better. I could not sleep at night with the agony of it, and in the daytime I was good for nothing. Having seen Clarke's Blood Mixture greatly advertised I made up my mind to try it, and now my leg has healed right up, and I am feeling fine."

Your Skin Trouble, too, can be Healed

to stay healed, if only you will cleanse your blood with Clarke's Blood Mixture, the Blood Purifier which so many sufferers have tried and proved successful in the treatment of **Abscesses, Ulcers, Swollen Glands, Eczema, Sore Places, Boils and Eruptions,** all of which are but symptoms of a poisoned condition of the Blood.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

"Everybody's Blood Purifier."
3/- per bottle. Six times the quantity 12/-

WHY SMOKING CAUSES INDIGESTION.

How To Avoid the Trouble Without Stopping Smoking.

Excessive smoking, particularly cigarettes, increases the acid secretion of the stomach and very frequently leads to painful and sometimes dangerous stomach troubles. Those who suffer in this way will be glad to know that sure, safe and quick relief can be obtained without giving up smoking, simply by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or whenever distress is felt. This remarkable indigestion remedy instantly neutralises the excess acid, sweetens the sour fermenting food, soothes and heals the inflamed stomach lining, and restores painless, normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia of your chemist today—tablets or powder. Use as directed, and enjoy your smoke and your food without fear of distress to follow.

PARENTHOOD:
DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?
A Manual of Birth Control
By MICHAEL FIELDING
Preface by **H. G. WELLS** *Five Diagrams*

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."
From H. G. Wells' preface.

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.
NOEL DOUGLAS, Dept. J.B. 39, 28, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

Mentholatum
for **MIDGE** *and* **GNAT BITES**
ALL CHEMISTS 1/3

The No. 3 Women

A Smear Across India

Selling a white girl into white slavery in the East. A scene from "The Shanghai Gesture," an outspoken play, privately produced in London, which cast a lurid light on this evil

THE white slave traffic has reached the proportions of a leading industry in India and Ceylon. It was stated recently in a newspaper of high reputation that there are at least 2,000 white slaves in this great continent.

The master brain behind the trade is a Greek who lives in Bombay. He is ostensibly an importer of soft goods, but his real business is the importation of women and drugs.

Undesirable women are shipped to Bombay from Alexandria. The white slave syndicate of which this crafty little Greek is the head owns houses of ill-fame in Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Constantinople, Alexandria and Cairo

Forged passports, and heavy bribes enable women to be moved to each of the Continental houses in turn.

Finally, they are shipped from Alexandria to India. But the "goods," which is the cynical term used to describe these women, are also obtained from far distant Australia and Java.

Since there are no licensed houses in Australia, with the exception of Queensland, the wretched women are obtained by guile.

Advertisements frequently appear in the Australian Press announcing that "an officer's wife in Bombay requires a pretty, educated girl, keen on sport and dancing, as a companion. Applicants must send recent photographs. First-class passage paid."

SUCH an advertisement naturally appeals to a large number of girls, who are thus drawn into the net. Aboard a liner sailing from Australia recently were ten charming girls who were all bound for Bombay and different centres in India. As they leaned over the rail waving fond "Good-byes" to their parents and friends, they little thought that they would never see them again.

There are many tragic homes in Australia, and in England too, where lonely parents mourn the loss of their daughters.

The women are met at Bombay, or whatever other centre the syndicate decides on, by white slave agents, who are frequently cultured and charming men.

The "number three women"—as the lowest class of prostitute is called—are placed in disorderly houses in Bombay or despatched, in the charge of a woman agent, to establishments in different parts of India.

These "number three women," who are persuaded to leave the Continent and go to India, little realise the hopeless and terrible existence to which they are doomed.

These European women—some of whom, alas! were once innocent English girls—are forced to live in houses to which natives resort. Many of them become almost insane, and then the syndicate, having grown rich on their earnings, throws them on the streets.

THREE years ago, in Calcutta, a demented white woman begged for alms in the vilest slum in the city. She was a victim of the white slave syndicate. Occasionally, when a glimmering of reason calmed her haunted brain, she recalled her minor triumphs as a variety artiste in the English provinces.

A kindly English family, filled with compassion for her plight, paid for her admission to a private mental hospital, where the poor creature ended her days in peace.

Many "number three women" are sent to houses of ill-fame in the native states. Some of them are even sold outright to natives. The average price for a European woman is said to be about 2,000 rupees, or, in our money, approximately £150.

The "number two women," whose appearance has not been spoilt by long residence in houses of ill-fame, live in houses in the European quarters of the principal Indian cities.

A scandalous feature of life in Calcutta is a long row of bungalows, known, in slang parlance, as "down the line," where over three hundred women live in comparative comfort.

ON an average, the women receive ten per cent. commission on their horrible traffic. A few save sufficient money to give up the life and return to their native land. In fact, it is not unknown for French girls to save money with a view to getting married.

But the vast majority, having lost character and honour, do not possess sufficient strength of will to save their wages. Every rupee of their earnings is squandered feverishly on drugs, chiefly heroin and cocaine, which are also sold at a fabulous price to their "clients."

Many a promising English boy who has gone out to Calcutta to take up a good position in a mercantile firm has been ruined body and soul as the result of a casual visit to one of these hells.

In Bombay and Calcutta alone there are between two and three hundred haggard old-young men who, owing to their habits, have lost their jobs and are compelled to earn a precarious livelihood touting drugs for the syndicate.

Tourists visiting India frequently express surprise at the number of European women, wearing the latest Paris fashions, to be seen in the hotels and on the racecourses.

These vampires, known as the "number one women," are the aristocracy of the white slave traffic.

They spend most of their time in the lounges of the big hotels and in the night clubs, where they entrap rich and foolish men in their toils. Most of them are not only fascinating, but cultured to a surprising degree.

They live in luxurious flats owned by the syndicate, where the most elaborate orgies are staged. They are discreet drug peddlers, and are in league with jockeys and racing men, who introduce wealthy "clients" to them on a commission basis.

WHEN the police begin to make things too hot for them, they pack their bags and take a trip to Ceylon and Rangoon. But the shrewd managers of the principal hotels in Colombo recognise their type at once and courteously refuse to accommodate them.

So the women, not to be beaten, hire a room in one of the smaller hotels, and advertise themselves as dressmakers and milliners in the local Press.

But the European police keep a sharp eye on their activities. When the first breath of scandal reaches the ears of the detective department they are told to leave Ceylon immediately.

So the women drift on, brazen butterflies, who live a life of luxury for a few years, and who stare anxiously in their mirrors for the first signs of the wrinkles that foretell a bitter old age.

For when their beauty fades, as it does with merciless swiftness under the glaring Indian sun, they are curtly dismissed by the syndicate.

The HAPPY BUTCHER

WHEN we called at "The Lilacs" we found the butcher at home. Still in his neat white smock, he invited us in and introduced us to his wife.

We had just told him that he, Mr. Reginald Herbert Rowe, of "The Lilacs," Bromyard, Herefordshire, had won £500 in JOHN BULL's Crossword Competition No. 23.

The news overwhelmed his wife. . . .

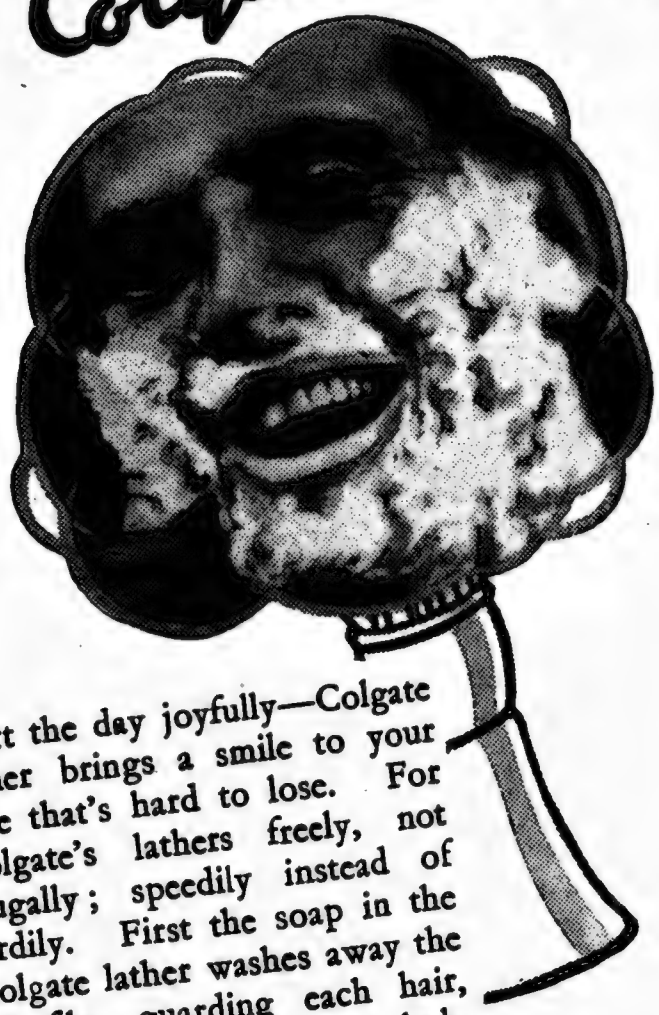
"Yet," she said, seriously, "I knew we were somewhere near it when I saw the solution in JOHN BULL last Thursday. I ran down excitedly to my husband at his shop and told him, but he wouldn't take too much for granted."

They know what they are going to do with the money; they are going to buy a little house of their own.

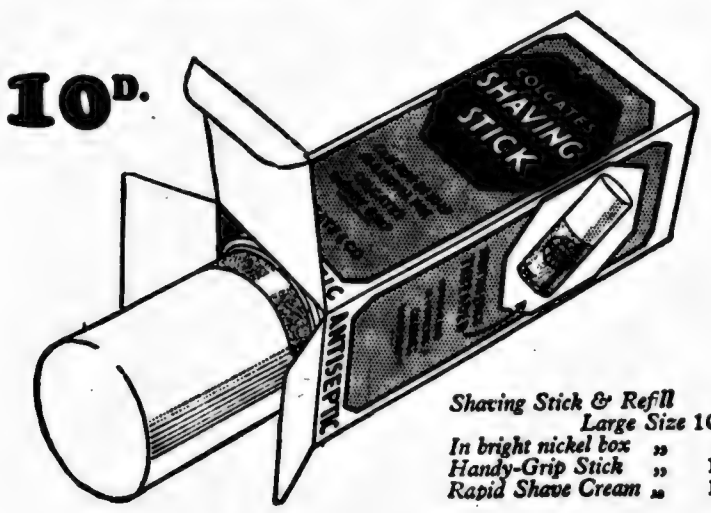
Mr. Rowe had a bad time in the war, and his wounds often worry him now.

"I have often wondered what would happen if he became worse," said his wife; "he has no pension. But now we can rest easily—we can look forward to the future instead of dreading it."

What joy in Colgate lather!



Start the day joyfully—Colgate lather brings a smile to your face that's hard to lose. For Colgate's lathers freely, not frugally; speedily instead of tardily. First the soap in the Colgate lather washes away the oil film guarding each hair, then the millions of tiny bubbles carry the water close to the hairs and soak them limp and lifeless. Thus Colgate's makes the razor skim along, not scrape along—because it soaks the hairs instead of splashing them!



10D.

Shaving Stick & Refill Large Size 10d.
In bright nickel box „ 1/-
Handy-Grip Stick „ 1/3
Rapid Shave Cream „ 1/6

COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK

Miss LAURA LA PLANTE, the Famous Film Actress. Writing about Odol, this charming film star says:—

"Acting for the films entails a great deal of travelling, so that scenes may be 'shot' in the right surroundings. I have one constant companion on every journey—a flask of ODOL—which I never forget.

"For me there is no other dentifrice to take its place—no understudy in fact! And I am sure nobody who has not used ODOL can realise how fragrant and refreshing it can be."

1½D. PER LARGE TUBE

BRITISH MADE WITH BRITISH CAPITAL

Odol

CRANBUX LIMITED OF NORWICH

Fashion's Latest Model.

THIS AMBRON — BELTED — CORSELETTE.

SENT FOR 1/- DEPOSIT

Ladies, here is your opportunity to secure the very latest Fashionable figure-moulding garment—the Ambron Belted Corselette. It is a triumph of design, a perfect luxury to wear, and a model to enhance the natural grace of outline and figure poise. It combines Style with delightful Comfort.

THE MODE NOW.

Examine it at Home. Pay by Instalments.

So confident am I that it will please you that I will send this Ambron Belted Corselette for you to try on in your own home, upon receipt of just 1/- Deposit. The full Bargain Price is only 8/11, balance of which you may pay by instalments, if preferred. Send Deposit and Coupon NOW, while you think of it.

Please read this description

The Ambron Belted Corselette is an improved type of garment, giving the combined support of Corset and Brassiere in one. Made in strong striped Pink or White Coutille. Fitted with underbelt (7-in. brisk). Surgical elastic insets on hips. Adjustable shoulder straps. Six suspenders. Spiral steels run practically the full length of the back of the Corselette, giving an unbroken line of support. Equally suitable for slim, medium, and full figures.

B.C. BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me on approval, with option of instalment terms, a new Ambron Belted Corselette at present bargain price of 8/11. My measurements are :—

BUST ..... Hips .....

State whether Pink or White preferred.

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 6d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/- or more.

State Bust and Hip measurements and enclose Coupon with name and full address and postal order crossed thus : / /.

Sizes range from 30-in. to 46-in. Bust.

(Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.)

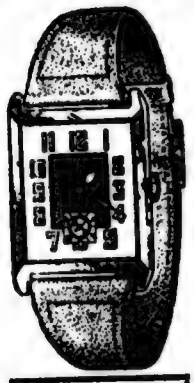
"John Bull," 24/8/29. No. 409.

Post your Order at once to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 409, Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

LATEST STYLE **LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH**

YOURS for



6D DEPOSIT

This splendid watch is absolutely the latest style in Gent's Wrist Watches now being worn. Fitted with reliable jewelled movement. Finest workmanship throughout and with all the latest improvements for dead accurate timekeeping. Clear fancy dial with bold luminous hands and figures to see time in the dark, and seconds dial. Massive hardwearing hinged case and damp proof case, bevelled crystal glass, sewn on solid leather strap.

Price 25/6 only. Sent on receipt of 6d. deposit, balance payable 1/6 on receipt and 1/6 weekly.

Cash refunded if dissatisfied and watch returned in 7 days of receipt.

Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

TO-DAY'S GREATEST BARGAIN

SIMPSONS (BRIGHTON), LTD.

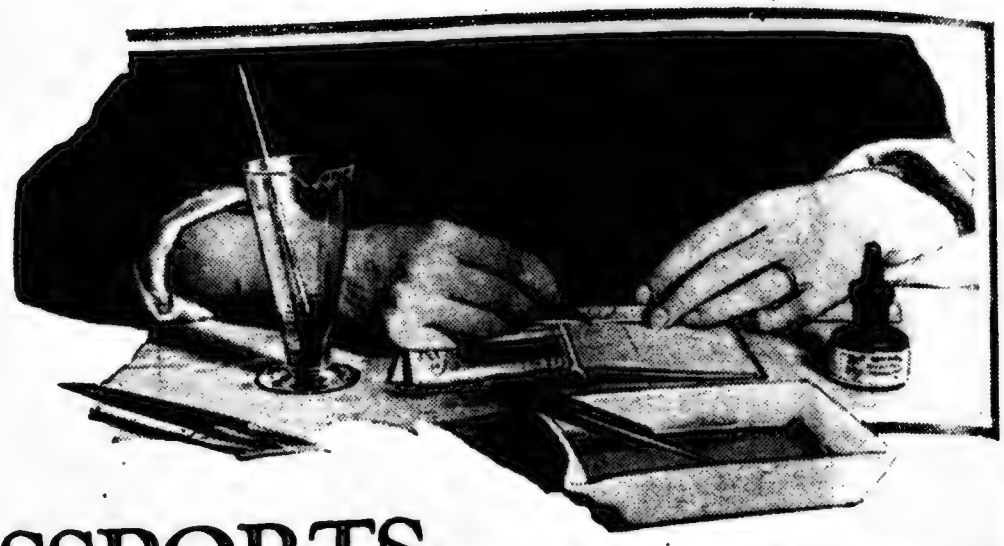
(DEPT. 408), 94, QUEENS RD., BRIGHTON, SUSSEX

PSORIASIS

Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

NIMBLE fingers of one of the passport forgers at work, falsifying an official document. Their —



Wholesale FORGERY *makes*

PASSPORTS *a* FIASCO

WHAT is the use of passports? They keep a large body of officials off the unemployment register in every country. Possibly if you were stranded in a foreign country the possession of a passport might be useful to you. Otherwise the things only serve to involve travellers in endless delays and annoyance.

No passport system can prevent criminals from travelling about the world just how they wish. Passports are as easy to forge as any other documents. Thousands of forged passports are enabling their holders to travel at the very moment you read these words.

There exists a vast underground organisation whose profession—and it is a very lucrative one—is the manufacture of false passports, false birth certificates and false official documents of every kind.

The traffickers in false documents are not merely a scattered few, but a live and powerful body of clever and unscrupulous men and women who are a danger to the national security of this or any other country. Their activities merit immediate international inquiry.

There are three classes of persons who habitually use false passports and similar documents: secret agents, who are spies of foreign Powers; revolutionaries in the employ of the Moscow International; and those engaged in the traffic in women.

Not many months ago, two men, one an Englishman and the other a German, were found guilty in London of espionage on behalf of a foreign Power and were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Their activities had been assisted by the use of a false passport, just as the entry into this country during the war of Carl Lody, one of the cleverest and bravest of German spies, was made possible by the same means.

A few weeks ago an important official of the Russian Government came into this country, attended and spoke at a conference of Communist metal-workers in Manchester, and left the country without detection by the authorities.

False documents made his secret visit possible.

Sneaking in

Six months ago a woman of foreign birth and immoral character entered this country on a false passport which described her as a British subject by marriage. To-day she is plying her trade on the streets of London. These are typical examples of how false passports are used.

Of what does the organisation which supplies these false documents consist?

It comprises not merely the sneak-thieves who infest the *rapide* expresses all over Europe, and who live by stealing passports from compartments and *wagons-lits* while their careless owners are in the dining-cars; not merely of those who steal rubber stamps and official seals from the passport offices at frontier stations; not merely of those who are the receivers of these stolen goods; but of definite factories and workshops, complete with up-to-date scientific apparatus for the copying and manufacture of false documents.

The profits of the industry are large, for a good price can always be obtained for these specialised products.

Until recently there lived in a block of flats in a suburb of Berlin two young men who were thought by their neighbours to be struggling architects.

Secret bureau

Then one day the police paid them a visit; and in this insignificant flat they discovered a secret bureau for faking passports, identity cards and every other document required by German Communists and secret Bolshevist agents for carrying on their underground activities all over the world.

The equipment of the laboratory was astounding. It included chemicals and cameras, quantities of stolen or forged blank German and Dantzig passports, ready to be filled in and finished with the necessary photographs and visas, and more than three thousand rubber stamps.

These included almost every kind of official German stamp in existence, particularly examples of the permanent visa for leaving the country; three stamps such as are used by the British Foreign Office, the stamps of the British Consulates in Munich and Basle; stamps to allow aliens to enter England; and five stamps as used by the British Army on the Rhine to permit civilians to enter the then occupied territory.

Among the multitude of stolen documents found in the files of the bureau were genuine Japanese and English passports and the certificate of a seaman on the Royal Naval Reserve.

From this bureau there had been issued to Communist envoys no less than six hundred false documents, including a Swiss passport which enabled the fiery German agitator, Ruth Fischer, to come to this country unmolested and attend a Communist Congress disguised under the name of "Anna Bosshardt," a school-teacher from Basle.

There are many more such forgery factories actively operating in various towns in Europe to-day. Proof of their existence is furnished by statements made by the traffickers in women to the secret experts of the League of Nations.

These investigators were brought into contact with persons engaged in faking documents. One trafficker said: "I can fix up papers for the boys [procurers]—passports, visas, and marriage, birth and identity certificates."

In proof of his statement he produced English, Brazilian and Polish passports.

A procurer in Egypt told the same story.

"My passports are good for one year. Every 'boy' has one. The girls have them too. I am getting my friend a *laisser passer*, so that he can go to London on Wednesday. I made more than seventy-five passes for girls and boys last year. I can offer you Roumanian, Egyptian or Greek passes.

Such is the state of affairs existing to-day. Secret agents, Bolshevist emissaries and prostitutes are being sent continually from one country to another, and all the time the Foreign Office is being fooled by document fakers.

Which way?

There are two views as to how this evil can be suppressed. Some authorities demand closer vigilance at all frontiers, minute scrutiny of all passports to detect forgeries, and international police co-operation in order that the factories where false documents are made can be destroyed.

Such a policy would involve great expense; it would also subject the honest traveller, who is already sufficiently plagued by passport examinations, to intolerable delays and inconveniences.

The ninety and nine just men would suffer for the one sinner with a forged passport.

The other view is that passports are just a ridiculous farce, and that the sooner the whole passport system is abolished the better.

Those who hold this view would secure the shores of a country against undesirable immigrants by warning every deportee that, if he returns, and is detected, he will receive a really sharp punishment—something like five years' rigorous imprisonment.

It is argued that, since every passport regulation can be evaded by the determined possessor of forged documents, this is the only feasible means of keeping the number of unwanted visitors down to a minimum.

In addition, this system, if adopted, would make life far more pleasant for all honest and harmless travellers.

GAS!

A good servant, but a terrible master

A TAP accidentally turned on—gas accumulates. The housewife stoops down, match in hand, to light the stove.

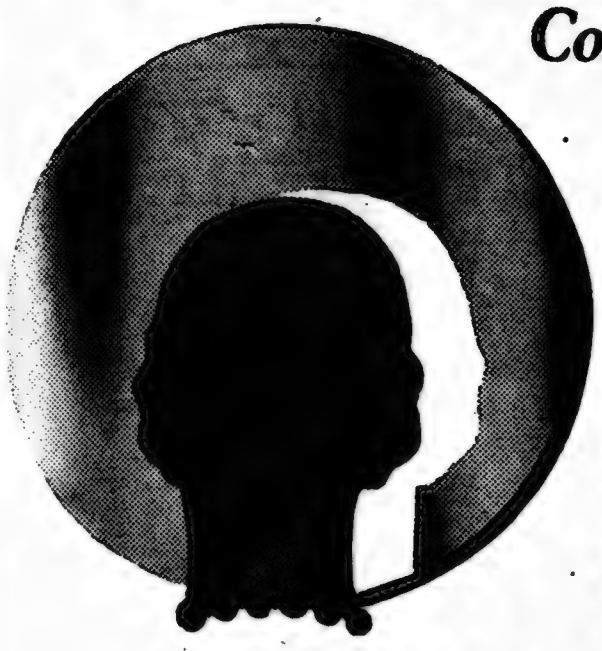
There is a flash, a roar—and yet another victim is added to the long list of accidents caused by gas explosions.

Don't risk serious injury—play for safety first always.

(Issued by the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Department in the interests of Safety First.)

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR!

Cosmetics cannot clear a skin clouded by poisons!



A muddy skin, over-dry or over-greasy; dull, discoloured eyes; a coated tongue; haggard cheeks, are all things to be ashamed of. They are signs, not of age, but of the accumulation of poisons in your blood. Nature is warning you that your system is not *completely* ridding itself of its waste matter. You may not *think* you are constipated, but you are being poisoned as a result of incomplete elimination. Don't let this dangerous state of things go on. Begin taking Eno's "Fruit Salt" to-morrow. Eno is the natural preventive of constipation. It summons enough fluid into the food canal to dismiss the waste and poisons from your system. Eno forms no disagreeable habit. It simply helps nature to perform her most important function in her own way.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Eno costs 1/6 *and (double quantity)* 2/6. *The words* ENO *and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.*

W.G.H.

Ask for the Chubby Bar.

costs 6D. only **Ambrosia** BRITAIN'S BEST MILK CHOCOLATE

FOUR KINDS:
Plain Full Cream Milk; or with Toasted Almonds; or Nut Brazil; or Almonds and Raisins.

All sizes from 1d. to 1/2d.

Sold by good class Confectioners everywhere.

"Devon's glory in a Packet."
"Not one thirst in Ten bars."
"Silky Smooth, and so Sustaining."

MADE BY **Pascall**

Famous for 60 years as Manufacturers of the Highest Class Butter Toffee Sweets and Chocolates.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 29.

A tea-time temptation from the East

Sailor Savouries Bombay Zest

There's no appetite so jaded that it won't respond to this new and intriguing flavour—a special recipe known only to Sailor Savouries — Bombay Zest. It's curryish, but not too hot; spicy, but with a savoury tang as well; it sets everybody asking for more.

Angus Watson of "Skippers" fame, Newcastle upon Tyne

SAILOR SAVOURIES

and twelve other tempting Meat and Fish Pastes
5½d 7½d 9½d

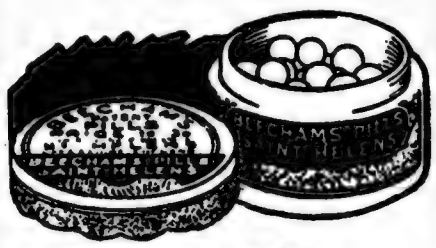
ANGUS WATSON & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

SVB 172-24

Beecham's Pills
CLEANSE AND TONE THE STOMACH, BANISH BILIOUSNESS
CORRECT CONSTIPATION
DISPEL DYSPEPSIA.

Failure of the bowels to act properly results in poison accumulating in the system which upsets the stomach and liver, giving rise to biliousness, headaches, loss of energy and appetite. The safest, surest way to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels is to take Beecham's Pills. Their corrective action has made them the world's approved regulative medicine.

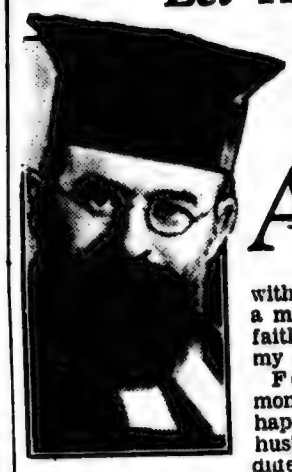
BEECHAM'S AT NIGHT WILL SOON PUT YOU RIGHT.



Worth a Guinea a box

BEECHAM'S POWDERS
a safe and speedy remedy for Headaches, Colds, Rheumatism and Nerve Pains.
Get some to-day.
8 for 1/3 - Single at 2d.
Tablet form (16) 1/3

"Let Him Write Her a Bill of Divorcement" said Moses



Dr. Hertz. "Strong pressure is being put on him"

A YOUNG Jewess of twenty-one, I fell madly in love with and married a man of my own faith and about my own age.

For a few months we were happy; then my husband grew indifferent to me, ignored my efforts to make him happy, and finally walked out of our little house one evening and did not return.

Though I used every means, including police aid, I could discover no trace of him. He had vanished completely.

Luckily I had been taught a trade in my girlhood, and was able to earn a sufficient living as a tailoress in London.

All this happened ten years ago; and I was settled down in a humdrum existence, not very happy, but neither uncomfortable nor sad. Then, a few months ago, in the course of my business, I met a man of forty-five, a widower, who attracted me instantly.

He, too, was attracted by me. We met frequently, and he proposed marriage to me.

Naturally I told him all about my husband.

A Christian, of course, could have gone to a court of law, obtained an order to presume her husband's death, and then married again with a clear conscience.

Alas! a Jewess cannot do this. Unless her husband's death is absolutely proved, she cannot remarry, even when she has obtained a divorce in a civil court, until her husband voluntarily gives her a "get" or bill of divorcement, which is then ratified by the Beth Din, or Jewish religious court.

To ignore this procedure would entail being cut off from the Jewish communion.

As both my lover and I are strict Jews, such a step was unthinkable.

My lover, however, advertised in the hope that we could obtain clear evidence of my husband's death.

Instead, we have proof that he is very much alive—for he turned up from Belfast, where he has been living for years with another woman.

My lover explained the whole situation to him, and urged him to provide me with evidence to divorce him, and also to give me the "get" I need to obtain my freedom from him in the eyes of the Jewish Law.

Cynically he demands £250 as the price of this "get"—a sum of money which will swallow up all my lover's savings, and which we badly need to start in a new business of our own.

Is there no way by which I can defeat my legal husband's wicked demands?

"HUMANIST" says: While the Jewish Law remains as it is, I can offer you no comfort. Pay the wretch his £250, obtain your divorce, marry, and try to forget all your past unhappiness. If your lover is the good fellow he appears to be, he will gladly work to build up a business.

I believe, however, that strong pressure is being put on the Chief Rabbi to summon a congress to remove this very hardship from Jewish Divorce Law by which you have suffered. As a victim of this iniquity, I advise you to communicate with the address I am sending you—it is that of a society which is working to obtain justice for Jewesses in your own position.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

BRANDED
by a drunken mother

I AM a girl who never knew the love of a mother. My mother married when she was twenty-one, and I am told that almost from the first she was sadly ill treated.

What the real point of difference between them was I never knew, though now I am grown up I can guess. In the end he left us, saying he would never own wife or baby again.

My mother, thus left to fend for herself, started the gay life in good earnest, took to drink, and hated me as a drag and an encumbrance.

She must also have hated me for my resemblance to my father, for one day, when I was only two years old, she took a red-hot poker and struck it across my tiny chin, saying that at least his own child should be branded so that he would know it again.

So I am marked for life with a scar across my face which has earned me many slights and humiliations.

I believe I was finally taken away from my mother by order of the court, for I was placed in a home by the guardians, who brought me up and placed me out, looking after me with great kindness until I was eighteen.

I am now twenty-one and have only recently traced the relatives who gave me all the details of my past history. I have found out where my mother is, that she still drinks heavily and is leading an immoral life.

Do you advise me to make myself known to her, to see if my influence would avail to reform her? My relatives say that she would only try to use my interest to wring money from me. But she is my mother, and I tremble to think of the bad end she is coming to.

"HUMANIST" says: Your relatives are probably right. Your good feeling does you the utmost credit, but you are foolish to dream of putting yourself again in your mother's path.

There are good women spending their lives in helping their fallen sisters, whose experience would do more in a week than your inexperience could do in a year.

Try to interest such people in your mother's case, and if she repents then will be your time to make yourself known.

Homely Wisdom—By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Vain Purposes

". . . looking back on life"

I HAVE just been re-reading one of the best known books of Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, with its picture of the pathetic figure of Little Nell; and my attention has been arrested by the conversation between Little Nell and the aged and ailing sexton.

To the child's amazement, the old man, who has dug so many graves for other people, seems to be devoid of the smallest misgiving that his own will soon have to be dug.

He goes on planning and telling her what he intends to do in the garden and churchyard—next summer.

Dickens says this is a merciful provision of Nature, that we can live so much in the present and lay our plans for the future without giving thought to the possibility that death or some other visitation may bring all our schemes to nought.

It would not do to be constantly reckoning either with death or with calamity beyond our power to avert.

Thousands of people who read these words have no margin of provision between themselves and what might happen to them or their dear ones in case of sudden and devasting sickness or accident

There are some things we cannot insure against. We can but order our lives in view of things as they are now, not as they may be to-morrow or the day after or in twenty years' time. It is wise not to look too far ahead or we might succeed in making ourselves miserable to no purpose.

This is not to say that we should live carelessly or unthriftily or without sense or responsibility when looking forward. We all have a duty to others in this respect and should be careful to fulfil it to the best of our ability, or we may do much heedless harm.

I had a dear friend, a son-in-law of the great John Bright, who set me a fine example of the right course to adopt on the question we are discussing.

Being stricken with mortal disease, he refrained from troubling his family with the news until it was placed beyond doubt by expert medical opinion.

Then he quietly set all his affairs in order, made every arrangement he possibly could for the benefit of those he loved, wrote letters to his friends about things he would like to see done; then without a word to anyone either of mournfulness or self-pity, he went home, walked calmly upstairs to bed and resigned himself to await the end.

Sir Hall Caine told me not long ago that as an old man looking back on life he saw that far too much time was wasted in over-scrupulous guarding against evils that may never materialise.

Make to-day as fine as you can. You may never have a to-morrow.

SECRET
she could not keep

TWENTY years ago I found myself, homeless, in the streets. My husband had deserted me.

In my dreadful plight, faced with the workhouse, I was given temporary shelter by an elderly neighbour, a widower.

Since then we have lived as man and wife and have two grown-up sons. Lately I received definite information that my husband is dead, and the door was open to regularise my union.

We took a holiday early in the summer to arrange the ceremony, taking only one neighbour, my dearest friend, into our confidence. She vowed that she would keep our secret.

No sooner were we married than she broke the promise, with most terrible results.

One of my boys found himself at once jilted by his sweetheart. The other left home in a towering passion, declaring he will emigrate and have nothing further to do with me. Is there anything at all that I can do to heal this awful wound?

"HUMANIST" says: Have patience and trust to time. Your sons had a shock, but surely the younger will not gratify a neighbour's venom by breaking his mother's heart. As for the elder, he should consider himself well rid of a girl capable of jilting him for what he cannot help.

Its flavour wins favour

Order HOVIS as a change and before very long you'll eat it as a habit.

HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED

Proprietors of "John Bull."

BE YOUR OWN BREWER
and brew
prime non-intoxicating
beer at home with
MASON'S
EXTRACT of HERBS
A real delicious drink sparkling and thirst quenching—costing less than 6d. per gallon. Buy a 9d. bottle to-day from your Grocer, Chemist, or Stores.
GOOD
its
Mason's

FREE Mrs. Housewife, do not buy your new floor-covering until you have seen the new book of Cates-bys Cork Lino. The world's best floor-covering that needs no scrubbing. Postcard gets book of new designs and samples free if you mention Dept. No. K19,

CATESBYS Ltd., LONDON, W.1.

Great success of the SHILLING HOLIDAY

CADBURY'S HOLIDAY CHOCOLATE

with almonds & raisins

1/- half-pound and in 6d. blocks

'Plus Two' at 12 for 6d.

are as big and as good as any 10 for 6d. cigarettes

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

ST. LEGER
CES. AND
CAMBS.

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED

* * *

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY

* * *

S.P. WITH NO LIMIT OR PARI MUTUEL PRICES.

FOOTBALL

Most Liberal Odds Combined with Security

Send NOW for our Lists.

Write To-day Don't Delay.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with our Rules.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE
(Dept. J.B.),
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.
ALL POSTAGE PAID.

Send for Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire price lists and copy of the "Challenger Weekly Sporting Special."

FOOTBALL
NOTHING STARRED
NOTHING BARRED

FOR CREDIT ACCOUNTS APPLY TO
DAVID COPE, LTD.,
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4
KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

Our Letter Parliament

Was I a HERO?

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 27

My Sinister Neighbour.

A TYPIST in our office bore two children by her employer.

I was sorry for her and offered her marriage.

I told my shocked sisters and brothers I was responsible.

We married, and with our two kiddies, whom I love very dearly, we are the happiest couple living.

I took a chance, but have no regrets. I could not have chosen a finer wife.—*A Mere Man, Manchester.*

Grit, with Regrets

During the Arras battles of April, 1917, I found myself, with six other men, isolated from the battalion, completely surrounded by the enemy.

The situation was hopeless. My companions wished to surrender, but eventually I persuaded them to make a fight for it.

After four hours, during which we were bombed, machine-gunned, sniped, and even attacked from the air, we were at length captured.

From seven able-bodied soldiers, we now mustered three killed, one blinded, two seriously wounded, and one unscathed.

Was I a hero? I think I was just one big fool.—*Royal Marine, Dewsbury.*

Red for Danger

One August a few years ago I was following my work as a signalman. I had one train in the station ahead, when a crowded excursionist was signalled behind.

Travelling very fast, the driver of the latter train passed the distant signal without a whistle and was steaming past the home signal; then I left my box, waving a red flag. I succeeded in stopping him a carriage-length from the stationary train.

The driver, with tears, on account of a large family, besought me to "square it."

I did—at the expense of a severe reprimand.

Was I a knave or a hero in preventing a disaster and accepting the blame?—*R. G., Hindley.*

Ladder to Fame

As a police constable on night duty in a fashionable part of London, I stopped at the foot of a ladder which the decorators had left in position against a house.

I dozed off, and awoke to find myself sprawling on the ground with a man on top of me.

I grabbed him and found I had captured a burglar complete with loot. He had descended the ladder, shinned down the plank lashed to the last few rungs, and landed upon my helmet.

At his trial the bench complimented me on my smart capture.—*P. C., Cardiff.*

Knight in Jail

Leaving a public-house one night, I saw two men fighting, hemmed in by the usual crowd of spectators. Presently one was knocked to the ground and his opponent kicked him.

Thinking it was time to interfere, I handed my raincoat to a bystander and made for the bully, but was promptly felled with a kick.

I came round to find myself in a police-station on charge of being drunk and disorderly, and, despite my protests, I was compelled to remain there the night.

Next morning I was fined 7s. 6d. and given some good advice.—*J. M. E. Edwards, Liverpool.*

Shallow Pretence

Several little children were playing by the water's edge. One of them, a girl, fell into about two feet of water, and the others ran home, screaming.

Being the only adult at hand, I waded in and pulled the child out. I was met by a number of women, including the mother of the "rescued" child, and she at once seized the dripping child and rapturously hugged and kissed her.

Next day I found that the whole of the fishing village was talking about my "bravery"—the mother had spread the tale that her child had fallen in at a part where the water was really deep. Protestations on my part were of no avail, I was acclaimed a "hero."—*S. E. Q., Banff.*

Don't Run

I was one of six in my regiment to volunteer to repair some cables and telephone lines.

We were placed in a farm near Armentieres, and told that on no account were we to *run away* from our post.

Fritz soon started to shell our building, and as the fire grew hotter and the shells dropped closer my five comrades made tracks for outside.

Remembering the order given, I remained.

Result: I can't run now if I tried!—*T. W., Portsmouth.*

Face and Fortune

When I was sixteen I started courting. Two years later, in 1909, my boy joined the Army, and was soon afterwards drafted to India.

We kept up an irregular correspondence, but had not met again when, in 1919, he asked me to go to India to marry him.

His face had been badly disfigured during the war, and I did not know what effect so many years east of Suez might have had on his character.

After deep thought, love won; and I travelled 9,000 miles, leaving everything else dear in life to me. Thank God, my choice was a happy one, for the years since our wedding have been filled with love and contentment.—*E. F., Liverpool.*

"Dog it was that Died"

A half-bred Airedale had run amok and after biting several people, had fastened upon a much smaller dog.

Its lady-owner was tearfully but vainly appealing to the crowd for assistance. The aggressor had just secured a death-grip, when, making a grab at its hind legs, I exerted all my strength, and swung both dogs round until the Airedale's head was brought violently into contact with a lamp-post.

That had the desired effect—and also stunned the Airedale.

Judge of my feelings when several onlookers soundly rated me for my brutal behaviour.—*A. L. King, Portsmouth.*

French Thanks

It took sixteen of us to haul "Ernest"—our water-tank—from the French village to the river.

An old farmer deliberately watered his horses and stirred up the water, muttering maliciously *"Sacrés Anglais"* whilst we filled "Ernest."

The liaison officer had to tell the farmer a few home truths.

I spent three and a half years fighting to defend France, lost my work, and had to live in rooms for years.

Was I a hero, or merely one of the "Damned English"?—*One Room, London, N.W.10.*

Little—But Good

Twenty-six applicants answered my advertisement for a housekeeper, and eventually I married the successful applicant, who was six feet in height.

As I am just over five feet myself, I had to stand much good-natured comment for what my friends termed my heroic action.

I have no regrets, and although she must be seated before I can kiss her with comfort, my courage in taking a big partner has been amply justified by ten years' happy comradeship.—*C. N. E., Reading.*

* * *

Letters in Little

To save giving offence to the donor, I once wore a pair of elastic-sided boots—perfect horrors—with tabs back and front, in a factory full of chaffing workmates.—*F. M. R., York.*

I was wallowing in the water, enjoying myself immensely, when a rough hand jerked at me, and "Don't struggle, I'll get you back safely," I was told. I passively allowed my "rescuer" to tow me back to the shore, where he was acclaimed a hero. What about myself?—*J. S., Swansea.*

I made myself a thorough nuisance and interfered ruthlessly with other people's affairs in order to bring together to happiness a man and wife.—*M. S., Everton.*

The woman beside me in the railway carriage was a picture of depression. I possessed that which would bring joy to this lonely companion; yet could I sacrifice my treasure? Finally, after desperate struggles, I handed her my only copy of JOHN BULL!—*Silas, Camba.*

Fred Fox, "the ideal jockey"

Race with "Silver Ring"

Now for the "EBOR"

AUGUST is the Flat's flattest month. Until the Ebor Handicap and the Gimcrack Stakes come along there is hardly an event worth discussing.

I have a shrewd idea that the "Ebor" will be won by Mountain Lad, one of the nap hand entered for the thousand pound prize by Capt. Gooch. Mountain Lad nearly robbed us of our Clear Cash spoils at Goodwood but, owing to his disqualification, he has received lenient treatment from the handicapper.

Capt. Gooch has no equal in the art of training stayers, and in Fred Fox he has the ideal jockey for the horse. My selection for the "Gimcrack" will appear in the Code.

I have often wondered why the Yorkshireman chose the little wonder horse of nearly a century ago to perpetuate this race for two-year-olds.

Gimcrack came from the south, and although he won twenty-seven of his thirty-five races—they were mostly four-mile events—he raced only twice at York, and was beaten both times. On one occasion he netted a small fortune in wagers for his owner by galloping twenty-two miles in under the hour.

The speech which the owner of the winner of the Stakes makes at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club has been a feature of the race for decades, but some of the odd conditions have been amended. At one time the lucky winner had to give three dozen bottles of champagne to the York Gimcrack Club.

One wit has suggested that when Trousseau won in 1851 its owner should have been responsible for the gift of three dozen "petties" to a bride of the period; but, on this basis of contributing gifts, Chervot's win in 1868 would have been of more interest to the male sex!

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 22, to Wednesday, August 28.

N	R	H	I	J	X	4	Q	2	A	C	B	Y	O	W
S	5	3	M	U	L	T	7	V	K	F	E	D	P	G

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. 4PIOBK545BB would read TOM PEARTREE. "SILVER RING."

ECZEMA ON FEET FOR FIVE YEARS

In Small Blisters. Lost Rest. Cuticura Heals.

"For five years I suffered from eczema which broke out in small blisters on my feet and ankles. When I went to bed and got warm they were worse and burned and itched so that I rubbed them one against the other in my sleep, causing them to be very sore. My rest was broken on account of the trouble.

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased more, and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Richard Baynes, 27, Union St., Leyland, Lancs., Eng.

Cuticura Soap shampoos cleanse the scalp and hair of dandruff and dust and assist in the healthy growth of hair.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: T. Hedley & Sons, Ltd., 21, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 2d.

Say 'SUNRIPE' and the pleasure's yours!

£500 offered as PRIZES FOR IDEAS
Ask for Particulars

SUNRIPE The 'Quality' Cigarettes
10 for 6d Plain or Cork tipped
SUNRIPE The 'Out-of-the-Rut' Pipe Mixture 10½d per oz.

FREE GIFTS LIST sent post free on application to The Sunripe Twins, Dept. H175, Shoreditch London E.1.

YOU MUST TAKE

with you on your holidays a reliable preparation which can instantly and effectively deal with those irritating little ailments, such as stings, bites, eruptions, strains, sprains, bruises, burns, cuts, wounds, inflammation, sore throats and fevers. For this purpose there is nothing better than

'YADIL'
ANTISEPTIC.

Liquid—Pills—Ointment—Pastilles—Soap

Certified non-poisonous and absolutely safe.

Of all Chemists & Stores

Send to-day for a free copy of the "Yadil Book of Home Treatment." It is packed full of valuable hints on health and will save you many an unnecessary worry.

YADIL PRODUCTS (1925) LTD.
Sicilian House, London, W.C.1.

Something to sing about!

BIRD'S Custard "good as ever"

C.176

HOW TO GET RID OF A SHINY NOSE

PERMANENTLY

(By a Skin Specialist.)

No man likes to see a woman take out her powder puff and commence powdering her face at a Thé Dansant, to hide her shiny nose and other complexion defects. By blending a little mousse of cream with her face powder, any woman can easily make her powder stay on all day. The mousse of cream causes the powder to cling to the skin in spite of heat, rainy weather or perspiration while dancing or playing tennis. Its continued use has a tonic effect on the skin and will soon banish a shiny nose permanently.

The mousse of cream in Poudre Tokalon is scientifically blended in just the right proportion during the process of its manufacture. This is an exclusive and patented Tokalon process. Invisible on the skin, Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, youthful complexion and has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fascinating. Three million

women use this powder every morning. Women of England, France, Italy and America—the most lovely and beautiful women of the world now insist on having Poudre Tokalon. The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions. Get it to-day. It only costs 1/- a box. Compacts 1/3.

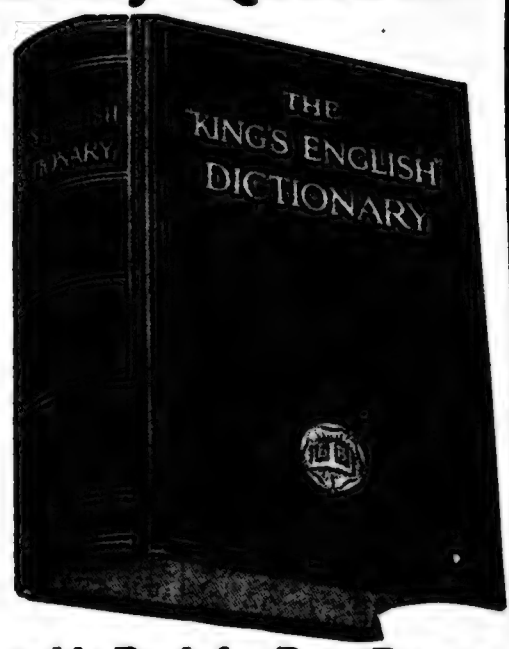
This Dictionary of Reference Answers Every Question.

Test its Value FREE
without any obligation to order the book.

Mr. W. W. B. (Wandsworth) writes: "It is a miniature encyclopædia worth its weight in gold."

Contents:

HISTORY OF LITERATURE.
HUMANISED GEOGRAPHY. (With World Maps)
FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN. (Living and Dead)
WORLD HISTORY.
WIRELESS TELEPHONY.
AVIATION.
MOTORING.
NAMES AND PLACE NAMES.
BIBLE NAMES AND PLACES.
SCOTTISH GLOSSARY.
FOREIGN PHRASES.
COMMERCIAL TERMS.
SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS.
PICTURE TEACHING.
CORRECT SPEECH AND HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH
AND
DEFINITIONS OF 100,000 WORDS



The One Indispensable Book for Busy People.

Useful to Every Member of the Home

Messrs. BRITISH BOOKS, Ltd., 94, Strand, London, W.C.2.
Please send to me "THE KING'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY" (New Edition) on approval, for five days' FREE Examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or, if I decide to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 3s. 6d. and ten further monthly payments of 3s. to complete the price of 32s. 6d. (or Cash Price 31s.).

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
DATE.....J.B.284

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small buildings: clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 25 s.y. 3ft. at 8/6. Heavy Grade 9/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under Kew on concrete protects roof.

LASTS LONGEST! Of all manufacturers everywhere

ZAM-BUK *The World's Greatest Healer*

Capture this BIG PRIZE!

by entering for JOHN BULL'S £500 X-Word

Closing Date THURSDAY (noon), AUG. 29th. Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 24 appears on page 14.

ANOTHER "John Bull" £500 MUST-BE-WON Crossword prize is flying around this week and waiting to be captured by simple crossword skill. Here is an opportunity of securing a little fortune—don't let it flutter by. Settle yourself down in your garden—or on the beach—or anywhere else you may fancy and net this big prize. There is also a further £50 being awarded to runners up so lose no time in entering this captivating contest by filling in the squares below. Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, SEPT. 5th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, SEPT. 12th.

Extra £50 for runners up!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 27, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), August 29th.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully

1. Fill in puzzle in the next column **IN INK**, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 27), 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 29th.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or misaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, September 12th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 17th,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful scrutiny of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Clues Across.

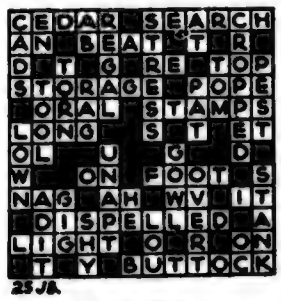
1. The Government.
4. Secure.
7. Egg shaped.
8. Serpent.
9. Civil commotion.
10. Fairy story.
13. A notion.
14. Swallowed.
16. Fastened.
17. Stare.
19. To make stupid with drink.
21. A bulb plant.
23. Old English gold coin.
24. Range.
25. Cries.
26. Animal.

Clues Down.

1. A sweetmeat.
2. A halfpenny.
3. Sleeveless coat.
4. Bounded.
5. Measure.
6. Consume.
11. Farewell.
12. Loaded.
14. Postpone.
15. Jumped.
18. Established.
19. Mouldy.
20. Whimsical.
22. Silly.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 25



25 JB.

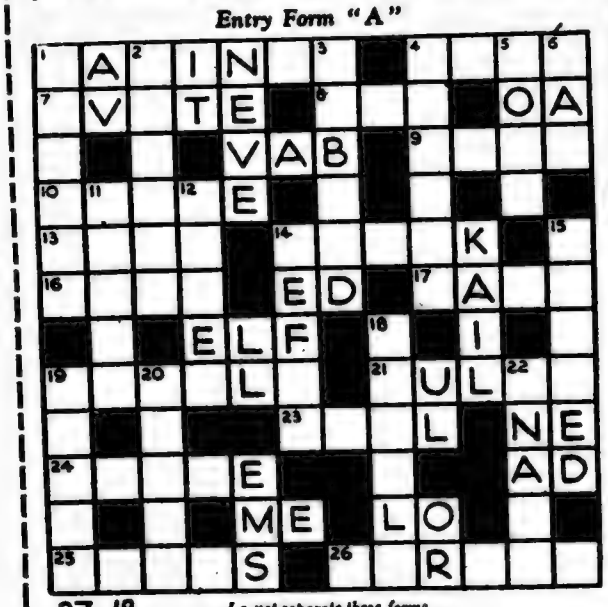
Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 25 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 27

Entry Form "A"



27 JB.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B"

27 JB.

CUT HERE CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 29th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

"Beaten for Bedclothes"

A LITTLE girl of thirteen years' old was running across the road with a message for her grandmother.

She had been privileged, as the eldest of six kiddies, to accompany her father to hospital, where her mother had been carried after having collapsed.

Dick

The visit over, the child's father, who, in his wife's absence, has to be father and mother to his bairns, felt he must hurry home, bade his daughter run and tell the grandmother how his wife fared.

When he next saw his daughter she was lying in agony in the infirmary, with a broken leg and a fractured arm. Her mind had been so occupied with her mother's sickness that she had not noticed the motor-cyclist bearing down upon her.

"We dare not tell her mother," writes the father: "It would kill her."

Witnesses of the accident state that it was the child's fault, and there is, therefore, no compensation. But a deduction of 2s. for the daughter and 5s. for the wife whilst in hospital is made by the guardians from the 35s. allowed for the family, leaving the father with 28s. per week. On this he has to keep himself and five children, the youngest of whom, Dick, is three.

"Being out of work," he says pathetically, "I can attend to the kiddies, but I don't know what will happen when my wife and daughter come out of hospital. I am absolutely beat for bedclothes. And the children are as they stand, in rags. They have no changes."

Much can be done to cheer this family if our readers will contribute to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Anon (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; Heather Hills, 1s.; Anon, £1 1s.; Anon (Dewsbury), 2s. 6d.; A. E. R. (Leeds), 5s.; G. F. Powell (Bath), 5s.; M. S., 1s.; G. Pem (Blackpool), 1s.; Anon (S. Lambeth), 6d.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; Anon (Marston), 1s.; T. C. Kind (Leicester), 1s.; Competitor (Thornhill), 6d.; Anon (Reading), 2s. 6d.; E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 1s. 6d.; Pipes Mill, 1s.; Aberdonian, 1s.; Inasmuch (Macclesfield), 5s.; L. M. Conn (Tonyrefail), 2s.; In Our Lord's Name, 2s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; E. F. E. (Radcliffe), 6d.; Florence Also, 2s.; C. Sisson (Preston), 10s. 4½d.; A. Moffatt (Walsall), £1; Anon (Durham), 10s.; Mother of Three, 6d.; Mac's Section, B'ham (6th Sub), £1 10s.; Horley, Surrey, 2s.; Oswestry, 2s. 6d.; Anon (Exeter), £1; Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Pimple, 2s.; Anon (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 2s.; S. Burton (Darwen), 1s.; Billie, 4½d.; D. Jonathan, 2s.; M. L. T., 2s. 6d.; M. J. T. (Ashford), 2s. 6d.; Lancashire Lass (Gill), 1s.; C. P. B., 1s.; A. Reader (L. S.), 5s.; H. Tucker, 6d.; A. B. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 5s.; E. Cheetham (Wrexham), 2s. 6d.; Experienced Sympathiser (Morayshire), 6d.; Experienced One, 2s. 6d.; A. M. Caseby, 2s. 6d.; A. M. T. (Bedlington), £5; Mrs. P. Downs (St. Leonards-on-Sea), 1s.; J. G. (Rhodesia), 10s.; Phillip, 6d.; A. Hadfield, 1s.; E. H. Roberts, 10s.; Andrew E. Barclay, 6d.; T. A. W., 2s.; M. F. C., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Beckingham, 6d.; Robert Wilson, 1s.; M. J. P., 6d.; M. J. Brook (Bere-Ferrers), 2s. 6d.; E. M. Rowlands, 6d.; J. Sharp (Hendon), 4s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

FOOTBALL is HERE!

Football followers must not miss this week's issue of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*, which contains the most complete guide to form.

All last season's popular features—"The Wizard's" selections, G. Wagstaffe Simmons' Review, Fixture and Result Charts—are retained: and the latest and brightest news about clubs and players will be given each week.

You cannot afford to mark your football coupon before you have consulted this wonderful twopenn'orth.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

T. G. (Thetford).—"Very deaf people have their compensations." Oh, yes. They haven't heard "Sonny Boy"

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

F. M. (Rugeley).—"What is needed to start a nice little business?" Customers.

R. V. (Malling).—"I bought a car for £10 down and am going crazy over it." You'll soon be going crazy under it.

W. T. (Mayfair).—"The New York air is almost like champagne." So is most of the New York champagne.

H. U. (Coventry).—"I have never paid a penny for repairs on my car." That's what your garage man tells us.

H. D. (Margate).—"Some people only go to a kinema to rest their feet." Others to practise reading aloud.

S. L. (Harwich).—"The motor-car helps us to see more of the world." Yes, but which world—this or the next?

OBOE (Haverstock Hill).—"The exquisite playing of the band set me on fire." And they put you out?

SID J. (Eastbourne).—"My wife is rather inclined to lean on me." She must think you are a bit of a stick.

F. T. (Southsea).—"The pier authorities have given free facilities for fishing." There must be a catch in it.

Mr. P. (Rotherham).—"I waited all night at the station." And what did the magistrate say next morning?

SPORT (Dunfermline). — "To decide which of us she should marry, my wife tossed up." And lost!

J. M. (Rosapenna).—"I make quite a lot of money on the turf." We are pleased to learn caddies are so well paid.

J. T. (Chelsea).—"I have taken a degree for proficiency in modern languages." Can you talk golf?

J. M. (Lewisham).—"I am desperately in love, but there are three good reasons why I can't marry." What are they—a wife and two children?

C. P. (Morden).—"Travel broadens a man." If he travels in the Underground during the rush hours it usually flattens him.

R. D. (Bramley).—"The Prince of Wales wears exactly what he likes." That isn't because he's a prince, but because he's a bachelor.

M. G. (Dover).—"At some foreign gambling resorts pawnbrokers remain open all night." It's never too late to pawn!

F. K. (Bridport).—"I bought some new wallpaper and pasted it on myself." It would have looked much better on the walls.

G. S. (London).—"A racehorse is to appear in a talking film." So now we might to get something straight from the horse's mouth.

J. R. (Oxted).—"My new play was hissed off the stage after the first fifteen minutes." What was the cause of the delay?

J. S. (Sidcup).—"All my clean laundry comes back in the dirty basket in which it was taken away." The usual complaint is that only some of it comes back.

J. D. (Sheen).—"I have invented a joke that laughs at the laundry." We've heard them before. One of ours has such a keen sense of humour that it came back the other day with its sides split.

J. G. (Greenock).—"I have just seen a music-hall artiste who has such control over his nerves that he allows people to stick needles and knives into his body and to beat him with hammers." What a pedestrian he would be!

K. U. (Bridgend).—"What does a wife like mine deserve?" A husband like you.

EX-SERVICE (Bermondsey).—"I prefer to eat the plain rations I had when I was in the Great War." Bully for you!

E. L. (Southampton).—"He is a blockhead, but seems to get on well in business." Well, he is equal to any post.

A. P. (Brighton).—"Why do men leave home?" Because there's no place like home.

J. T. (Partick).—"I have been offered a saxophone for £30." Are you going to buy it and blow the expense?

J. C. (London, W.).—"I sat on his right hand at the dinner." We suppose he had to eat with his left hand.

G. H. (Herne Hill).—"The modern girl is wrapped up in her work." And not much else.

L. C. (Liverpool).—"I won't attempt the Channel swim for a few years." Is your idea to return by tunnel?

C. R. (Wandsworth).—"Instead of fighting him I talked to him." Discussion was the better part of valour.

G. N. (Margate).—"Our landlady welcomed us with a smile." A shark shows its teeth before a meal.

S. H. (Nottingham).—"The story of Mary and her little lamb is pure fiction." That's more than can be said for a lot of modern stories.

H. D. (Brook Green).—"I can never remember the words of any popular song." Now, if you can only forget the tune as well, everything will be all right.

K. M. (Oundle).—"It's the little things that bother us." Yes, for example, you can sit on a mountain but not on a tack.

NON-COM. (Southend).—"Ever since I left the Army my wife has made me do all the housework." You ought to be pleased. You've been promoted to "General" now, haven't you?

C. P. (Worcester).—"During the past year I have travelled 250,000 miles, through twelve countries, and have had the same umbrella all the time." It may be assumed by this time that you have eluded its rightful owner.

D. L. (Merton).—"I am always knocking about the town." Postman?

T. N. (Pembroke).—"The starched shirt should be entirely abolished." The laundries are doing their best.

S. L. (Paddington).—"I find that walking tires me. What do you advise me to take?" A 'bus.

G. B. (Chester).—"What will the modern girl be twenty years hence?" Still a modern girl.

P. J. (Kettering).—"Woman is the cream of humanity." And if kept in the house too long she turns sour.

P. S. (Taunton).—"Tyres should be cheaper." Some of them are always going down.

C. B. B. (Sheffield).—"I have just received a letter posted in 1913." More pre-war efficiency.

MRS. G. (Cardiff).—"I cannot stand shelling peas." Well, why not sit down, then?

R. G. (Chiswick).—"What is the quickest way to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before?" Plant vegetables and flowers.

G. A. (Swanage).—"When does middle age begin?" About the time when the average man is going to start saving next month.

W. D. (Glasgow).—"Would it be difficult for you to tell me what happened after Alexander the Great died?" No it's easy—he was buried.

B.B. (Bootle).—"Twins arrived in our family last week." Win one of the *Bullets* Twin First Prizes this week and make it triplets.

MRS. L. (Mark's Tey).—"I am going to Brighton for a change and a rest." The porter will take the change and your landlady the rest.

R. C. (Bristol).—"Women have a powerful weapon in the ballot pencil." Yet many of them seem to prefer the eyebrow pencil.

A. M. Y. (Hythe).—"Every week I send two-and-sixpence to my brother who is living in New Zealand." You do make a little money go a long way, don't you?

D. S. (Colne).—"How can I get rid of microbes on banknotes?" Spend them.

R. F. (Poplar).—"When will the British working man rise?" Just in time to get to his job.

A. A. (Southfields).—"It's a long lane that has no turning." Or a filling station.

A. C. (Wood Green).—"How can I make an umbrella-stand?" Stick the end of it in mud.

C. G. (Chatham).—"Do you think churches should run lotteries?" Only the usual matrimonial ones.

J. A. M. (Cranley).—"My left hand is much smaller than my right." Well, your right hand is bigger than your left, so what are you grumbling about?

H. N. (London, N.).—"I claim that I can manage my wife." That means that you can make her do anything she wants to do.

L. C. (Colindale).—"The dentist is not regarded with the same respect as the doctor." And yet the dentist has a big pull.

P. B. (Stanhope).—"The phrenologist started to read my head and then refused to go on." Perhaps he ran a splinter into his hand.

J. H. (Warwick).—"It's a hard life for the average husband." Yes, if he goes out at night his wife plays the martyr, and if he stays at home she plays the piano.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

DAILY NEWS:—"Lady Townshend had presents of every kind SHOWERED on her—an original one was TWO TONS OF COAL."

SOUTH WALES EVENING EXPRESS:—"A labourer was sentenced to six months' hard labour at Swansea to-day, for the theft of a NURSE containing 10½d."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"The car was considerably damaged and the horse received INJURIES, but neither was HURT."

RADIO TIMES:—"He was the pampered son of an ONLY FATHER AND MOTHER."

DAILY MAIL:—"She stopped and BIT back the tears which rose unbidden to her beautiful eyes."

ST. AUSTELL GUARDIAN:—"AUGUST holidays. Special Dance on EASTER Monday."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"A circlet of Orange Blossoms HELD HER IN POSITION."

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL AND NORTH STAR:—"The only collision reported during the day was at Versailles, where a lorry carrying troops accidentally jumped a TRAM."

WOMAN'S WEEKLY:—"They had just danced together, and although he did not WEAR them, she had FELT the spurs on his heels."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"One of the stakes pierced the radiator for a distance of about 4 feet, and if it had been a foot higher might have struck him in the CAB."

This model has the Amplion characteristics of tonal purity and sensitivity. It responds readily to a wide range of frequencies and can handle good volume without distortion. Fitted with an easel stand, it can be hung from a picture rail if desired.

17 MODELS—21/- to £16

Catalogues from Graham Amplion Ltd., 25/26, Savile Row, London, W.1. Works, Slough.

A SPORTING OFFER That Makes It EASY FOR YOU TO TRY 'ASPRO'

Pain relief or your money back. That is the 'ASPRO' guarantee. Surely this is a sporting offer. It makes it so easy for you to try 'ASPRO.' It enables you not only to prove that 'ASPRO' CAN SOOTHE AWAY YOUR PAIN—it enables you to prove that 'ASPRO' can DISPEL ITS CAUSE, TOO. The reason is because 'ASPRO,' after ingestion in the system, is anti-pyretic, anti-periodic, anti-fermentative, an internal antiseptic and a powerful germicide. FURTHERMORE 'ASPRO' HAS THE REMARKABLE ATTRIBUTE THAT IT IS ENTIRELY ELIMINATED FROM THE SYSTEM WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF DOING ITS HEALING AND HELPFUL WORK. There are few medicines possessing this virtue. Again, 'ASPRO' creates no nausea, it is not habit-forming—it is so safe a child can take it—it does not harm the heart—it does not cause digestive troubles. Packed as it is in a wonderful hygienic method, it enables you to receive the tablet ready for consumption in exactly the same state as it left the factory. No human hand touches it, and more important still is the fact that the tablets are not subject to atmospheric conditions, so hydrolysis cannot be developed. When you purchase 'ASPRO' you get the most useful medicine in the world—you get the medicine with the greatest variety of uses—you get the medicine that acts NOW, no need to wait till NEXT WEEK. Quick action and safety is its watchword.

READ THIS LIVING TESTIMONY:

"THE ONLY THING THAT DID ANY GOOD"

133, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Dear Sir, 23/11/28.

I must write and tell you the benefit I have received by taking 'ASPRO.' I suffered with very bad headaches, and they are the only thing that did me any good. They were marvellous. I have also recommended them to a friend for Neuralgia, and by taking two or three doses he told me all the pains had disappeared.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Mr. T. WILKINSON.

NURSE "NEVER WITHOUT 'ASPRO'"

Brighton, Sussex,
16th November, 1928.

Dear Sir,

I feel that I must write and tell you what a boon 'ASPRO' has been to myself and my patients.

I am a trained nurse doing private work and am never without 'ASPRO' when I go to my cases.

They are indeed wonderful and I cannot speak too highly of them.

Yours faithfully,
(Nurse) E. H. ——.

NURSES TRIBUTE COULD NOT TAKE ASPIRIN 'ASPRO' SUCCEEDS NO ILL-EFFECTS

Tooting, S.W.17.

Dear Sir,

My Mother suffers from Rheumatism at different times, and has done so this last few weeks. She would never take Aspirin, but I have persuaded her to try the 'ASPRO,' and they have certainly eased the pain.

I myself have very bad headaches at times, and cannot take Aspirin because I have had several operations during the last few years and my heart is not quite strong yet, but I took some 'ASPRO' yesterday and it did not adversely affect me at all.

Thanking you, Yours truly,
NURSE B——.

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.'

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk: or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet: 6 to 14 years, one tablet: 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

PAIN RELIEF—or your money back that's the 'ASPRO' Guarantee

HERE'S A MESSAGE OF HOPE FOR SUFFERERS FROM PAIN, SURELY:

If 'ASPRO' fails to relieve your pain we unconditionally undertake to return your money, providing you write us within a fortnight of purchasing and return empty carton as evidence of purchase. Could anything be fairer? Could we show greater confidence in our wonderful medicine than this? Why not purchase a packet to-day and give it a trial? You're not even making an experiment. 'ASPRO' is just wonderful—it has so many uses. 'ASPRO' isn't a dangerous drug or narcotic. It doesn't drug or depress, it doesn't harm the heart, a child can take it. It just soothes, soothes and soothes all pain away, leaving Nature to effect its own cure. There's nothing else like it. So see you get 'ASPRO' when you ask for it.

'ASPRO' brings definite relief in 5 to 10 minutes for

HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
INFLUENZA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO TO WOMEN
SCIATICA
MALARIA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, Bucks. Telephone: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS—TAYLORS—TIMOTHY WHITES—SQUIRES—NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

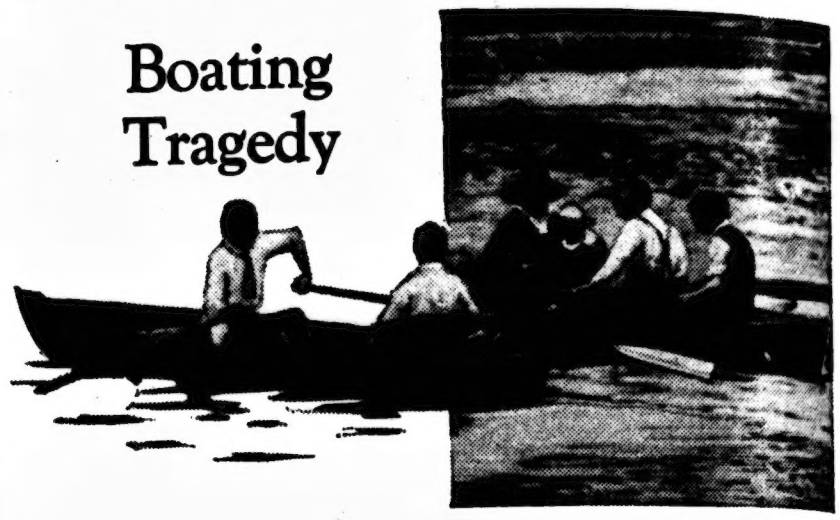
3D. 6D. 1/3 & 2/6

PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

The man who COULDN'T ROW

Boating Tragedy



"JOHN BULL" PAYS £250

"ONE cannot help thinking that these lives were lost principally through those in the boat having no idea of how to manage it, and losing their heads when they got into difficulties." These remarks were made by the Coroner whilst conducting an inquiry into the death of Mr. F. K. Durance, of 34, Cross Street, Spalding, Lincs, who along with a companion was drowned whilst attempting to row a dinghy in a rough sea.

"John Bull" has dispatched to the widow of Mr. Durance a cheque for £250 under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift.

When on holiday it is wise to remember that "John Bull" in addition to numerous other benefits coven you against Boating and Bathing accidents. Accidents my occur over which you have no control.—Sign the registration forms below now.

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of a few only who benefit this week.

Fire
Up to £400

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Wm. Henry Booth, 89, Molliett Street, Off Dudley Road.
BLAYDON-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. Lee, 77, Low Row, Addison Colliery.
BOURNE, LINCS.—Mr. H. W. Bullimore, Morton Fen.
BRADFORD.—Mr. E. Hargreaves, 20, Rhodesway, Fairweather Green.
BRISTOL.—Mr. J. Hooper, 2, Beaufort Road, Barton Hill.
DENNISTOUN, GLASGOW.—Mr. A. McFarlane, 90, Roselea Drive.
DINGLE, LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. Mary Daley, 19, Erith Street.
GLASGOW, N.W.—Mr. H. Fern, 1832, Maryhill Road.
NR. GUILDFORD.—Mrs. N. C. Buckler, 2, Broadwood Cottages, Wood Street.
HEPWORTH, DISS, SUFFOLK.—Mr. R. Alexander, Blacksmith's Sho
HUNTINGDON.—Mrs. S. West, 9, St. Clement's Passage.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. R. Carter, 94, Station Road, Earl Shilton.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. Mary Green, 58, School Croft.
MOSLEY, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Sturgess, 29, Cromer Road.
WISHAW, LANARKSHIRE.—Mr. Chas. Allan, 30, West Academy Street, Berryhill.

Sickness
£5 5s. for Measles, Diphtheria, Typhus Fever, Smallpox, etc., etc.

ABERTILLERY, MON.—Mr. F. Smith, 1, Rhiw Parc Road.
ABERTILLERY, MON.—H. Parsons, 3, Commercial Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. T. R. Higgins, 7, West End Villas, King's Norton.
BLAKENEY, GLOS.—A. Virge, Church Square.
BLAKENEY, GLOS.—Mr. E. Toogood, Brains Green.
BLANDFORD.—Mr. H. Richards, Middle Bldgs., Lower Almer Spetisbury.
CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.—Mr. F. J. Hughes, Duriett, Bromham.
CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—Mrs. S. Edwards, 11, Leaf Street.
DARTFORD, KENT.—Mr. H. G. McLean, 36, West Hill.
DOWLAIS, GLAM.—Mr. John Williams, 1, Rees Row, Dowlais Top.
DOWLAIS, GLAM.—W. J. Howells, Iver Shop, Caeharris.
DAMSIDE, HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. J. Smith, 11, Riley Street.
HANLEY, STAFFS.—Mr. F. Lees, 10, Woodhead Road, Birches Head.
NORTHAMPTON.—Mrs. M. Miller, 35, Overstone Road.
NR. PONTEFRACT, YORKS.—Mr. J. Bell, Thorpe Audlin.

Home Accidents
£2 per week

NR. ACCRINGTON.—Mrs. H. Slinger, 228, Whalley Road, Clayton-le-Moors.
BATH.—J. Geoghegan, 82a, Calton Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. F. Jones, 8/321, Icknield Port, Ladywood.
BULWELL, NOTTS.—A. W. Pearson, 152, Coventry Road.
WELLWOOD, BY DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. M. Stenhouse, 8, Store Row.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. McPherson, 24, Palermo Street, Springburn.
GLASGOW, N.—Mrs. G. A. Milne, 46, Gadshill Street.
MACCLESFIELD, CHES.—Mrs. F. Jackson, 125, London Road.
ATHERTON, NR. MANCHESTER.—Mrs. B. R. Miller, 17, Bag Lane.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. A. Peers, 1, Stanaway Street, Hall Street, Moston.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagents to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

"John Bull" provides Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Children's Benefits.

OVER 42,000 BENEFITS PAID.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 24/8/29.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....
.....
.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 24/8/29.

A FORTUNE ON YOUR DOORSTEP

"WHAT a wonderful home-coming!" writes Mr. S. C. Day, of 91, Rowheath Road, King's Norton, Birmingham. Arriving back after a holiday, he found fortune waiting on his doorstep in the shape of a *Bullets* First Prize in Competition No. 724.

Mr. Day's *Bullet* was: MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD—OF HEROD, DIRTY MILK. One of equal merit can bring you one of the two First Prizes which have doubled your opportunity of heading the winning list this week.

You have only to select one of the Examples on this page and add any apt and original comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS. Thus the *Example:* HELPING, with the added words WORLD'S "RECOVERY"—NAVAL "HOLIDAY" would form a *Bullet*.

£708 CASH FOR HOLIDAY WINNERS!

FIRST PRIZE OF 400 GUINEAS, "BULLETS" No. 725.

FIRST PRIZE 400 GUINEAS
MR. R. DYBALL, 57, Denretia Road, New Cross, S.E.
Example:—IN HIS EARLY DAYS
Bullet:—LATE—LATER, TOO LATE.

SECOND PRIZE OF 50 GUINEAS:
H. PERRY, Chadwarth, Glos.
Example:—SAVING AND SPENDING
Bullet:—OLD "FLINT"—YOUNG "SPARK."

THIRD PRIZE OF 20 GUINEAS:
H. H. MEASOM, 22, Bede Street, Leicester.
Example:—TAKING HIS COAT OFF
Bullet:—REASON IT'S NOT SHABBY.

OTHER BIG PRIZE WINNERS:

Gns. S. J. GOSSLING, Stanpit, Christchurch, Hants.
WON'T DO—UNLESS WON'T IS "DO."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Gns. J. S. VOCE, 16, Stuart Road, Liverpool.
TAKING HIS COAT OFF—LEFT HIS COMPETITORS "COLD."

Gns. H. F. SMITH, 207 Allington Avenue, Lenton, Notts.
OLD JOKE—SANDWICH ONCE—NOW RAILWAY.

Gns. H. CLIFTON, 33, Prince Alfred Street, Gosport.
ALL CLASSES—GOOD FELLOWS—GOOD FOLLOWS.

Gns. A. CLARK, 107, Ardgay Street, Glasgow.
RIDICULOUS—TALKING ABOUT DISARMAMENT "SACRIFICES."

Gns. MRS. K. M. PASCOE, "Brightstone," Apsley Road, Bath.
UNEXPECTED PLEASURE—BABY "PUTS HIS FEET."

Gns. J. HAMERTON, 37, Jolliffe Street, Liverpool.
PARTING LIFE AFRESH—EX-TOMMY—EXCHEQUER, THOMAS!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Gns. J. CONNERTON, 3, Grange Villas, Grange Street, Hull.
BOWLING—RAILWAYS—MEANWHILE BUSES "PUSH."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Gns. MRS. H. DICK, 22, Viewforth Gardens, Edinburgh.
STOUT HEART—REASON PENSION REDUCED, APPARENTLY!

10 Gns. F. E. HASWELL, "Grasmere," Blossomfield Road, Birmingham.
HEARD AT THE "TALKIES"—"HASN'T BRITAIN A VOICE?"

9 Gns. A. E. MECKIFF, 7, Franklin Road, Gillingham, Kent.
TAKING HIS COAT OFF—LITTLE CHAP "LOOKED BIGGER."

8 Gns. D. NILSEN, 4, Belgrave Road, Grosvenor, Bath.
WON'T DO—HAIG JUSTICE, *Any* STATUE.

7 Gns. F. C. SWANNELL, 27, Palmer Road, Walthamstow, E.
HEARD AT THE TALKIES—VILLAIN, "H—L!" ATTENDANT, "ICES!"

6 Gns. H. GOLDBERG, 40a, Upper Cheltenham Place, Bristol.
SPARE OR HUMANITY—THE "RADIUM" THAT'S CHEAPEST.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

5 Gns. MRS. M. ATHERTON, 18, Richmond Terrace, Carmarthen.
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!—"DRAWS" TRADE TO "COUNTRY."

A list of 50 Half-guinea Excursion Fare winners will be published in "Bullets" Bulletin, a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 300 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

☛ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

Advance Details for "Bullets" No. 728.

First Prize, £500—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—10 Prizes of £5—10 Prizes of £2 10s.—50 Prizes of 10s.—500 Prizes of 2/6, and 8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Britain's Record—Seizing His Opportunity—What Happened After—Strikes—"Enjoyed Yourself!"—Generosity—All Colours—Pickle—Baby's Battle—Worth The Trouble—Rivals—Was It A Dream Or—Woman In The Limelight—To The Good—Commonsense Demands—We Can't Forget—Through The Mill—I Thought—Laying The Foundation Stone—Imported—The Lion's Cubs—Trouble's Coming When—She Loves—Rebuilding—Good Work—Cotton King—Hanging By A Thread—Going Quickly—Down—Flapper's Idol—A Straight Hold—Boys Will Be Boys.

(Closing Saturday, September 7.)

"BULLETS" BOARD.

The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 1d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses on the back of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly entered on each coupon submitted. Coupons must be initialled.

The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received will receive careful consideration by a competent staff of trained judges.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute or in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally-binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The original stones for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 726 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Harvey, Heaven's Stores, Watford Road, King's Norton, Birmingham.

SPECIAL REWARDING PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Shopkeepers from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 723 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 728.

TO AMERICA	ANOTHER SURPRISE	COUNTING HIS BLESSINGS
GETTING THE UPPER HAND	FATHER'S LIFE	ALMOST UNCANNY
HEIR TO THE THRONE	BILL SIKES	BEFORE
SHOWING A STIFF FRONT	ROUND THE CAMP FIRE	HOW SONNY'S A SCOUT
PLAYING SOLDIERS	WAS IT MURDER OR	CUTTING WAGES
HELPING	LYING LOW	BALD-HEADED
IN THE DARK AGES	OFFICE CRANK	"NEVER AGAIN!"
CLEARING THE DECKS	JOINING THE LEAGUE	I DON'T MIND WORK, BUT
A GATE-CRASHER	THING OF THE PAST	THOUGHTLESSNESS
OCEAN GREYHOUND	A BAD SIGN	WHO PAYS?
MAN ON THE ROAD	SHE REFUSED HIM SO	

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 31.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(728) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 31.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(728) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 31.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(728) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 31.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(728) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If You wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☛ **Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 728, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

The First Prize in "Bullets" No. 730 will be 2,000 GUINEAS.

"BULLETS" FIRST INCREASED TO £1,000 NEXT WEEK!

Stop Summer Catarrh Poisoning YOU!

LET ME HELP YOU WITH MY FAMOUS REMEDY WHICH I SEND ON *10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL*

No Benefit—No Pay.

Mr. ELMER SHIRLEY.

YES, stop poisoning yourself, your health and your life with Catarrh (Chronic cold in the Head).

It poisons every breath you breathe.

It poisons all the food you eat and drink.

The Catarrhal poisons trickle down your throat while you sleep.

Look at your tongue every morning and see how it is covered with the whitey-yellow or brown deposit. Think what your stomach and lungs must be like.

And there is more Catarrh—and worse Catarrh—than for years past, owing to several long cold and wet seasons. Yes, Catarrhal Self-Poisoning is therefore alarmingly prevalent.

In warm, dry weather, Catarrh germs are released in increasing millions, floating about on the gentlest breeze. Summer Catarrh should, therefore, be greatly feared by all who are susceptible to this pernicious ailment.

I will gladly help the many thousands troubled with Catarrh in its various forms (see symptoms below). I therefore offer my famous Remedy on 10 Days' Free Trial to the readers of this paper. I am making this Offer because I know only too well how Catarrh spreads and poisons the health and life of its victims, causing great discomfort, distress, and dire dangers.

Take heed, therefore, and write me without a moment's delay if you have noticed any of the following

WARNING SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH AND ITS POISONOUS PROGRESS

—Is your voice "husky" or uncertain?

—Do you Sneeze often?

—Do you "feel" weather changes?

—Do you feel Tired on rising?

—Is your Nose "stopped up"?

—Are your senses of Smell or Taste affected?

—Is your Tongue Coated in the morning?

—Is your Hearing affected?

—Do you have strange noises in the head?

—Do your Eyes water?

—Do you have Dull Headaches?

—Is your Breath "short" or "unpleasant"?

—Has Catarrh spread downwards, causing Bronchitis or Stomach Troubles?

I wish I could persuade every reader now troubled with Catarrhal poisoning and its grievously dangerous developments to deal with it immediately. Think how your daily food and Blood are being continually poisoned! Think how your hearing may be ruined! Think of the lungs that are being loaded up, inviting such deadly diseases as Bronchitis, Pleurisy, or maybe even Consumption itself!

My Ten Days' Free Trial Offer

Think of the wisdom of getting rid of Catarrh NOW before the coming of another damp and cold Autumn and Winter.

Now is the time to deal with Your Catarrh. Now is the time when it is most surely and swiftly conquered with the aid of my famous "Shirley System"—a Specialist's Treatment prepared specifically for Catarrh and its dangerous accompaniments. You can secure my treatment at once on the distinct understanding that if no benefit is derived (and you are the sole judge) it will not cost you one penny.

It is well worth your while to find out more about my special Curative System. You will be interested, too, in reading the many "Experiences of Others" that I send to everyone. It costs you nothing—and you are welcome to all the help and information I can give you. Set a value on your future health to yourself and yours. Learn how to be free from the Catarrh that is poisoning you. Simply write to-day (a postcard will do) to Mr. ELMER SHIRLEY, 35, Gray's Inn Road (C.909), London, W.C.1.

(Personal consultations by appointment, 3 to 4 o'clock daily except Saturdays.)

Complete Cure of Catarrh.

All Symptoms Go After Four Years.

Mr. G. WATERSON.

Mr. G. Waterson, 219, Selly Oak Road, King's Norton, Birmingham, writes: "My Catarrh has completely gone after trying your wonderful System and it has not returned since. I commenced your treatment three months ago after suffering four years. Constant colds, throat troubles, husky voice, with recurrent spells of partial deafness, were my worst symptoms. I was always sick and tired on getting out of bed. Now, thanks to you, I have got rid of all these distressing symptoms."—July 19, 1929.

Made a Different Man.

After Four Years' Catarrh.

Mr. J. W. MARRIAGE.

Mr. J. W. Marriage, 4, Rectory Road, Hornsey, London, N.8, writes: "Your wonderful 'Shirley System' has completely and marvellously cured me after four years' suffering. It has made me a different man altogether. I was always catching colds, sneezing and coughing. I could not breathe through the nose, and I lost my sense of smell. I went slightly deaf. The throat was parched and sore. Headaches were frequent. Medicines had no effect. My testimony may help you to cure others."—July 10, 1929.

After Two Years' Catarrh.

Patient on Wonderful Cure.

Mr. W. A. CROOK.

Mr. W. A. Crook, 16, Miles Road, Epsom, writes:—"Since using your wonderful 'Shirley System' I feel and look a different person altogether. Two years' Catarrh had played havoc with my condition. I was always tired and listless. Now I am full of energy, and can eat and enjoy my meals as never before. I was always subject to headaches. These have disappeared. My nose is no longer obstructed. Colds, coughs, falling phlegm, sore throat! These troubles have all gone."—July 18, 1929.

Catarrh, Deafness, Headnoises Still Cured After Six Months.

Mr. W. CRICKMAY.

Mr. W. Crickmay, Engadine, Cuffs Lane, Tisbury, Wilts, writes: 'I found wonderful relief from your splendid treatment as soon as I commenced taking it six months ago. At the end of a month I was cured, so I am delighted to recommend its use in all cases like mine. I had suffered from Catarrh for many months, and lately had been very bad in the head. I suffered from giddiness and buzzing in the right ear sometimes for three hours at a time. In fact, I almost lost the use of my right ear."—July 9, 1929.

Catarrh and Partial Deafness Cured.

North London Man's Fine Report.

Mr. J. GLOVER.

Mr. J. Glover, 21, Belmont Avenue, Lower Edmonton, N.9, writes: "I contracted Catarrh which was chronic six months before I started taking your wonderful treatment. I was always catching colds, and could not breathe through my nose. The Catarrh dulled my hearing. I was continually scraping and hawking, and had a dry, hard cough. Headaches, pains over the eyes, and that tired feeling on rising, were features of my case. The 'Shirley System' effected a complete cure inside a month."—July 9, 1929

Catarrh, Headnoises, Deafness

Every Symptom Cured 3 Months Ago.

Mrs. S. A. SPENCER.

Mrs. S. A. Spencer, 74, Henley Grove Road, Rotherham, writes: "Your wonderful treatment proved a great success in my case. It cured me completely in less than 30 days. There has been no return. I had suffered agony for years from Catarrh, Headnoises, Deafness, Headaches, Pain over the Eyes, Giddiness. I could not breathe through the nose. Other treatments all failed to cure, but thanks to the 'Shirley System' I am a different woman now. My delighted husband says your treatment is worth its weight in gold."—June 16, 1929.

2 Years' Catarrh Permanently Cured.

No Return of Symptoms Since.

Mrs. BEEBY.

Mrs. Beeby, 105, Cobden Street, Eastbourne, Darlington, writes: "I have derived great benefit from the wonderful 'Shirley System.' After the third day there was a marvelous improvement. I continued for a month, and am now completely cured. I feel better in every way than I have done for two years. I was always catching colds and sneezing. I could not breathe through the nose. Excessive phlegm in the throat and a loose cough were very troublesome, and I suffered from headaches and pains over the eyes."—June 13, 1929.

8 Years' Chronic Catarrh Cured.

Health and Hearing Fully Restored.

Mr. A. WATERWORTH.

Mr. A. Waterworth, 16, Poplar Avenue, Hill, writes: "Your wonderful 'Shirley System' came as a 'Godsend' to me. As the result, I am now enjoying better health than I have known for years. I had suffered for 8 years, was always catching cold, and became partially deaf as a result. Cough, throat trouble, loss of smell and lassitude were amongst the worst of my symptoms. After a month's trial my breathing became normal, hearing was completely restored, and I never have the slightest cold now. —June 1, 1929.

Sanale Ltd.)

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free, Inland and Canada, 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world, 15s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia & New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., 13-27, Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4. Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 73, Marché-aux-Herbes, Brussels, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 14, Rue Albouy, Paris.